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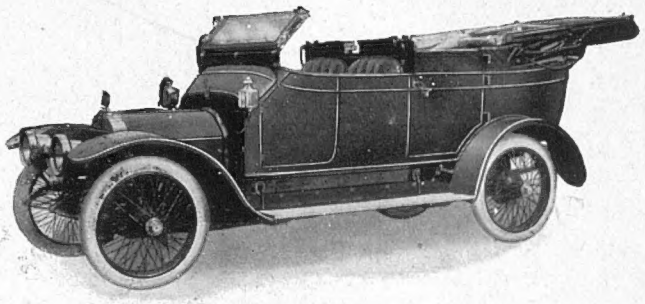

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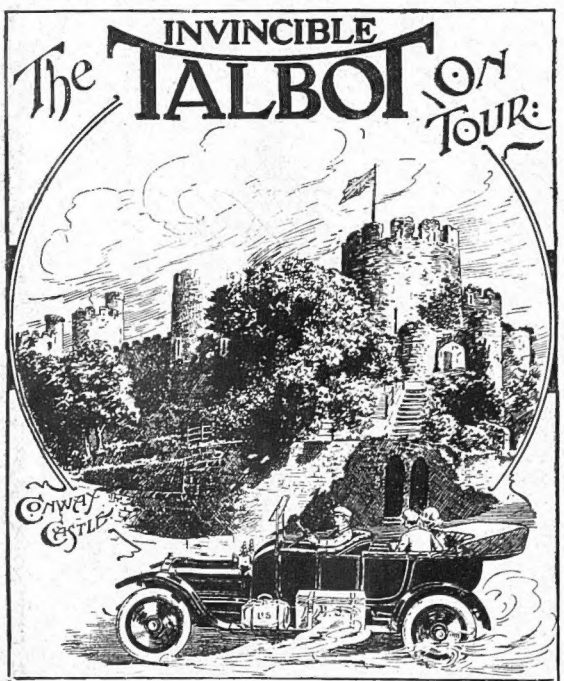

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In Chrome dressed leather.
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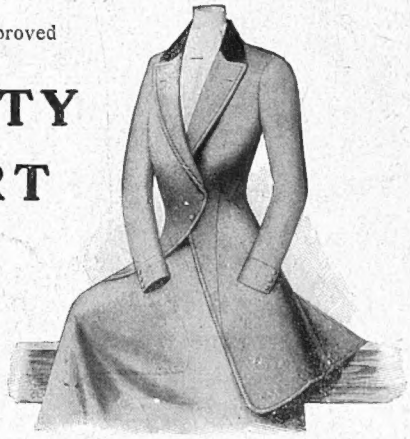

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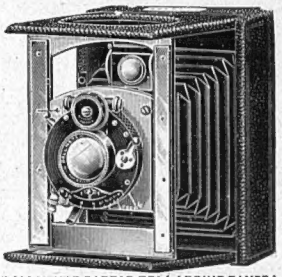

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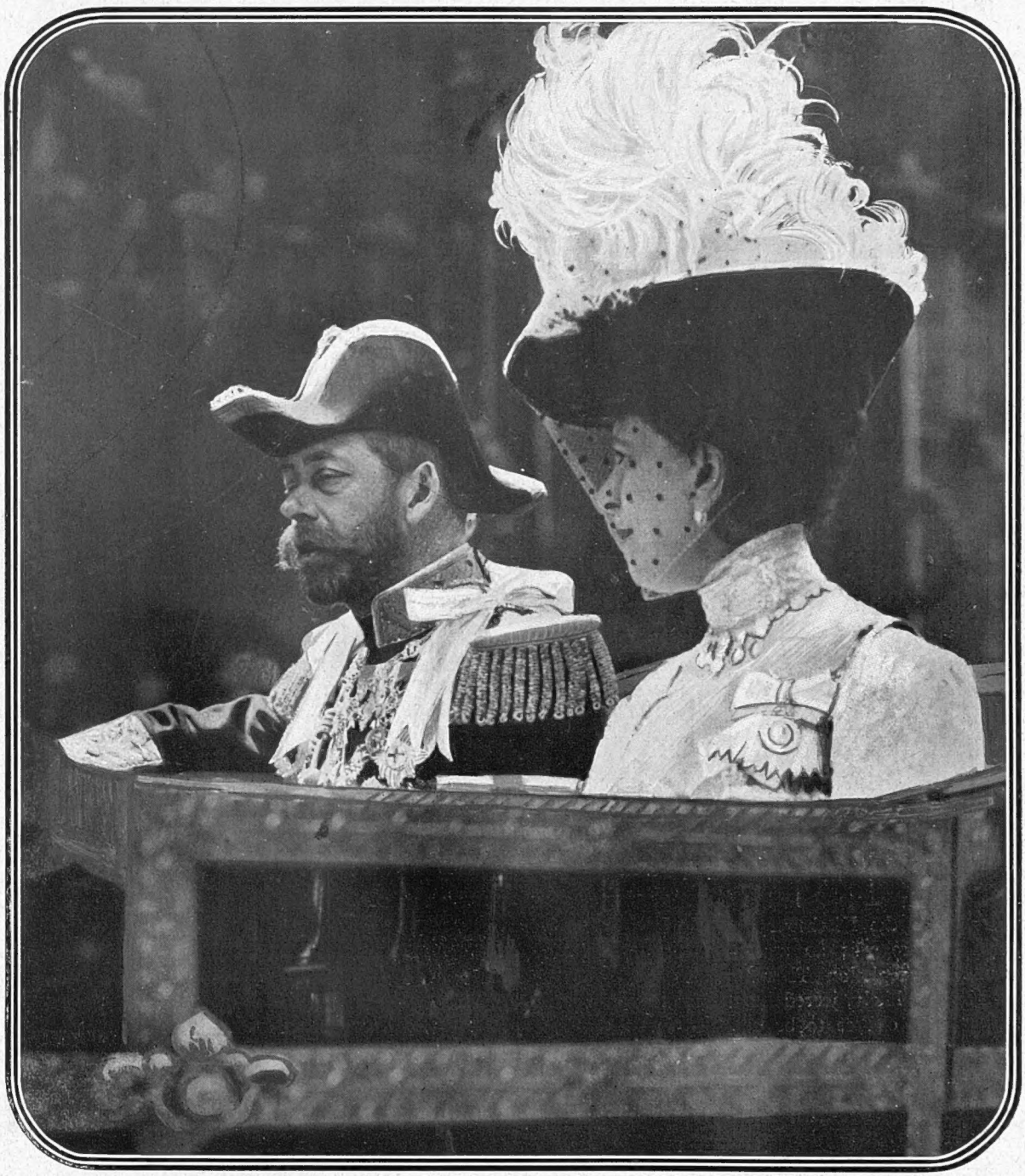


THE NEED FOR A ROYAL REST

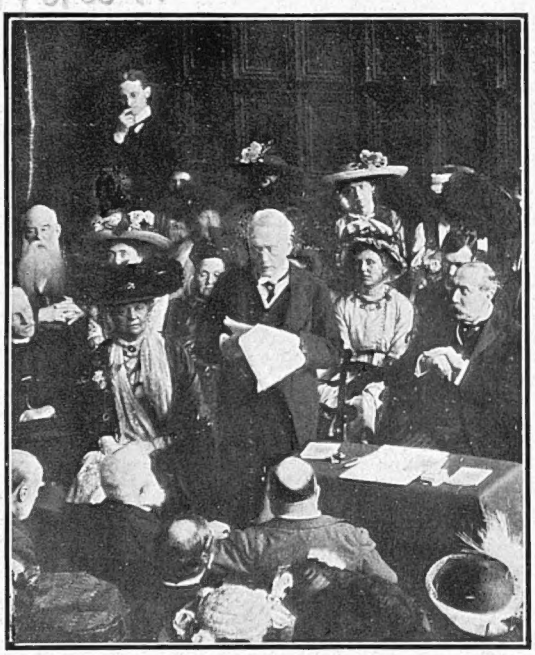
This snapshot of the King and Queen, taken last Thursday during their progress to the City, shows how the strain of the recent ceremonials has told on them. The suggestion is made that it might have been possible to have spread their Majesties' Coronation engagements over a period of months instead of cramming them into a few weeks

Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF THE WEEK

The Need for a Royal Rest

Royalty needs a rest, and somebody has blundered—perhaps, though, it is everybody—in so arranging the festive programme that little or no interval has been left between one event and another. Admitted that there had to be two Coronation Processions, and the Naval Review, and the Gala Opera, was it necessary that the Royal visits to the City, and to Norwich, and to the Crystal Palace should follow in the succeeding week, and those to Ireland and Scotland the week after? Truly enough, their Majesties have, by undergoing these successive fatigues, cemented their popularity with various sections of the public, but I hope not at the cost of their health. It is time John Bull took up the rôle of doctor and ordered his Sovereign patients a long, undisturbed rest. The newspapers can help to this end by curtailing their over-elaborate accounts of every Royal movement. Why not let the *Court Circular*, with its short, pithy method, have the exclusive honour for a while?



Thackeray Centenary Celebration

Lord Rosebery opening the Thackeray Exhibition last Friday at Charterhouse, where he made a brilliant speech

No Muttons—Yet

Revenons à nos moutons, we wrote last week—prematurely. The public was in no mood for muttons while there was any chance of Coronation *réchauffés*. The Royal visit to the City attracted crowds hardly less dense than those of last Friday. They were, it seemed, lighter-hearted crowds, for the visit had a less solemn, organic character about it, and the arrangements had rather less of the Kitchener touch. There was an air of idleness and jollity about the people on Thursday, the 29th. Settle down? Not likely, jeered London, so long as there's a ghost of a chance to be upset again. I doubt if London will really be serious again until it comes back from those holidays it is now preparing to take—if then.

Coronation After-Emotions

There is one class of man who is genuinely sorry the Coronation is over, the man who couldn't do anything, think anything, go anywhere, my dear fellow, until this confounded—etc., etc. *He* has been very unhappy during the last week attending to his arrears of correspondence, and receiving those callers he'd put off in such numbers, and paying—but why pursue this painful topic? A type of person who is happier than he usually is at this time of year is the designer of Christmas pantomimes and harlequinades. Inspirations haven't come so freely for many a midsummer.

Winston Week by Week

The Home Secretary received another vigorously sibilant testimony to his popularity on leaving the Guildhall after Thursday's Royal Banquet.

Palmam Qui Meruit Ferat

It is not often necessary to correct *Truth*, but in its last issue it was scarcely fair to certain newspapers whom it accuses of omitting to mention the name of the *Standard* in connection with the great air race it organised with the Paris *Journal*, the competitors in which are arriving as I write. On the opening of the race—which was attended by the death and horrible injury of several competitors—the *Standard's* share in the affair was most handsomely acknowledged by other journals. Of course, had certain among these been concerned themselves in running the race during Coronation week, well—would there have been any Coronation?

"M.A.P." and "The Bystander"

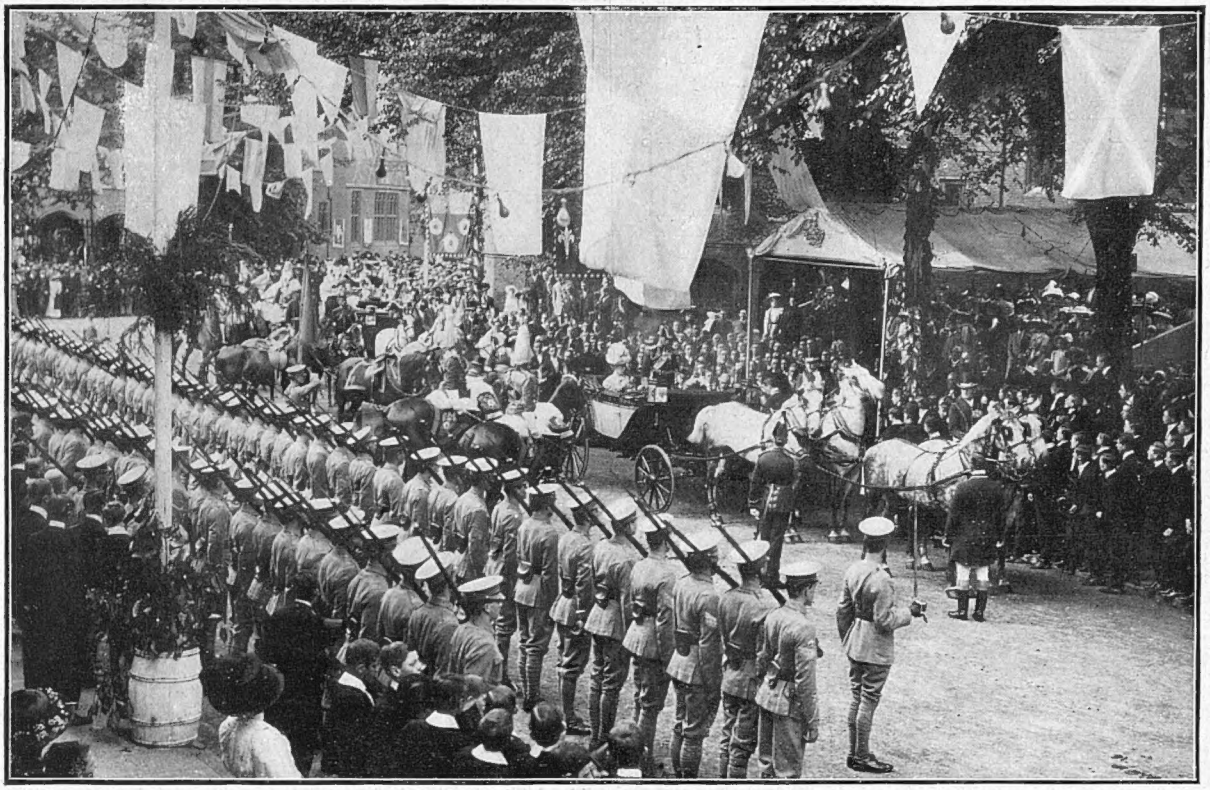
On another page we make a comment on what we considered to be a serious reflection by *M.A.P.* on THE BYSTANDER'S good faith in connection with our accounts of the Coronation. Since going to press with this paragraph, *M.A.P.* has published the following:—

> My friend the Editor of THE BYSTANDER seems to be a little wounded in his mind at my comments on his forthcoming Coronation Number, and in particular he fears that I may have aroused suspicion as to the genuineness of his accounts of the great ceremony which appear in the current number. I am glad, therefore, to state that the said accounts were really and truly written by witnesses, after seeing all that there was to be seen. Indeed, I must congratulate my eminent friend upon the smartness with which he managed to get his paper to press during the chaos of Coronation week.

Which gives the necessary *quietus* to our turbulent emotions. My cordial acknowledgment herewith of this *amende honorable*.

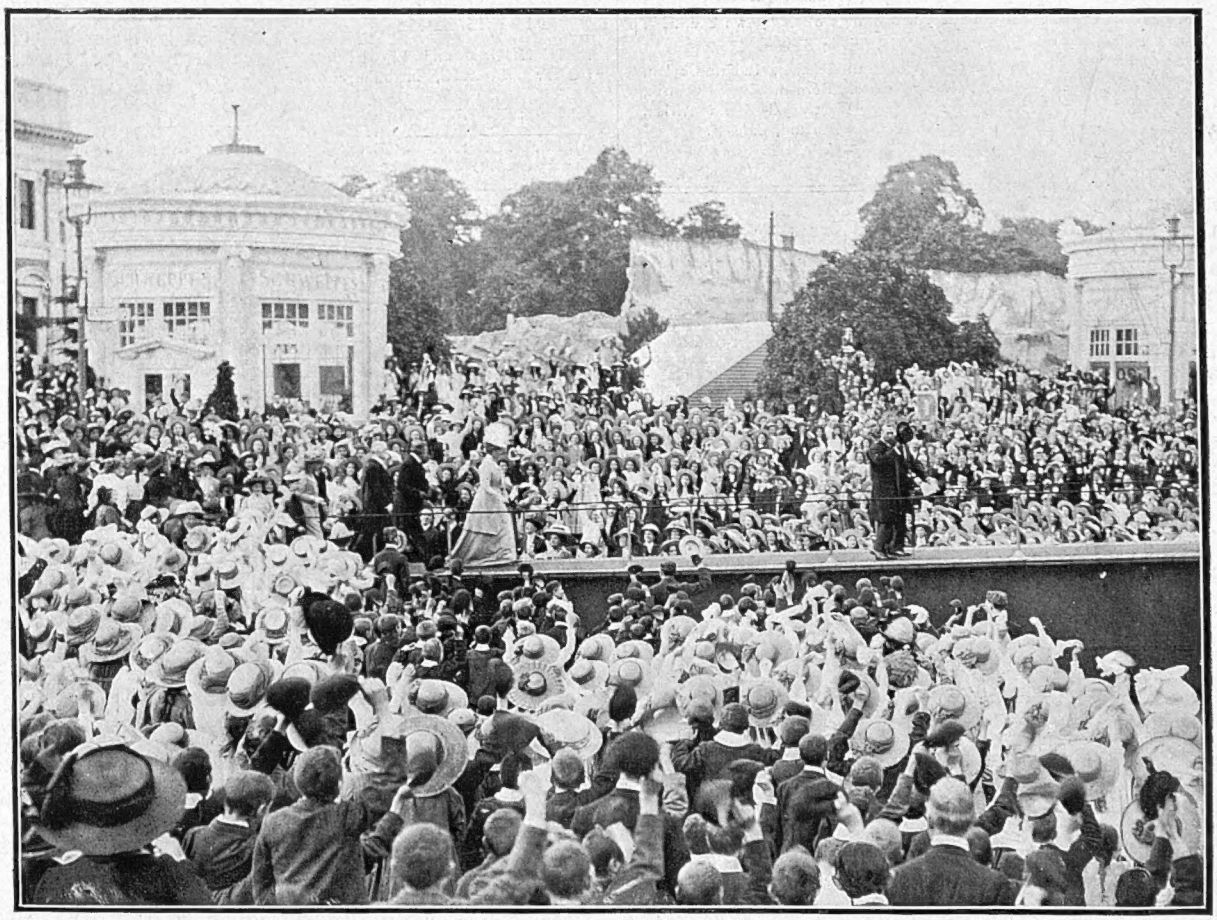
Majesty Honours Youth

OF THE CLASSES AT ETON AND OF THE MASSES AT SYDENHAM



Photograph] **The King and Queen at Eton College, Where They Received Three Addresses** [*Hills and Saunders*

On their return to Windsor on Saturday, their Majesties drove in semi-state from Slough Station by way of Eton. In the course of his reply to an Address read by the Captain of the School, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane (a nephew of the Secretary for War), his Majesty said: "The British Empire requires at this time hard service from all its sons. It requires the hardest from those to whom most has been given"



The Queen The King

The King and Queen Acknowledging the Cheers of their 100,000 little Guests at the Crystal Palace last Friday

Their Majesties concluded last week's festivities by honouring the youth among their subjects, the more lowly among them assembling in tens of thousands at Sydenham, the more highly placed at Eton College. Truly royal receptions were given at both places

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Mr. Churchill's Visit to the City

MR. CHURCHILL

The scene at Gray's Inn, where an Address was presented to the King and Queen (who are seen on the left of the Home Secretary) by the Benchers. The occasion was that of their Majesties' official visit to St. Paul's for the National Thanksgiving and to the Guildhall for luncheon with the City Corporation

At Court and in Society

Royalty

THE King and Queen start out on Friday on what is rumoured to be the least agreeable part of their duties—the visits to Dublin, Wales (for the Prince's Investiture), and Edinburgh. Goodwood and Cowes bring their Majesties south again at the end of the month, but the whole of August and September has been left clear of all public engagements in order that the King may get in plenty of shooting and the Queen a long holiday at Balmoral.

The Aftermath

During the better part of last week London was a somewhat depressing city. A sort of frightful morning-after-the-night-before atmosphere overcame and enveloped us, and people roamed about in unsettled fashion chiefly foregathering at the restaurants, where, in all languages, the favourite topic of conversation was still the Coronation or, more especially, the many little "precedence" fracas the occasion had given rise to.

In the Streets

Piccadilly for several days looked like nothing so much as a thoroughly demoralised dust-heap! Traffic, too, remained disorganised for some inscrutable reason, and after a night or two out in the rain our British taste in decoration appeared more than ever nothing less than appalling! "Taste," in fact, is the wrong word, for in nothing do we so clearly prove our utter

tastelessness as in the paper roses, gilt crowns, imitation oak leaves, and miles of Turkey twill used to symbolise rejoicing loyalty.

Fatigue on Olympus

I hear, by the way, of positively unutterable boredom and fatigue felt (and not disguised) by those great ones of Debrett who bore with their Majesties the brunt of Coronation festivities. All the duchesses are looking pale and jaded as well as bored, and as for the dukes, never before have they had to shoulder in such grim earnest those responsibilities alleged in the copybooks to accompany great possessions. The very last straw of all is "this idiotic Veto," which, quietly maturing in the wicked heart of this wicked Government, looks like letting us in for another Election, after all!

At Sandringham

Nobody came from Sandringham to greet the King at Norwich last week, when he attended the Royal Show, but there was quite a gay party assembled there all the same. Some of the guests were very special friends of the Royal hostess, notably the Duchesse d'Aosta, the Russian Dowager-Empress, and Prince and Princess George of Greece, the latter *née* Mademoiselle Blanc-Bonaparte. Other guests included the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania, Prince Chervachidze, and Vice-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton.

Hosts of Royalty

The Duchesses of Sutherland and Westminster, the Ladies Lansdowne, Londonderry, Cadogan, and Derby were the greatest of the hostesses who helped to relieve Royalty of the fearful strain of entertaining other Royalties. The two ducal balls were duly magnificent, duly Press-chronicled, and rather over-duly crowded, and one was more than once reminded of the farewell of a certain lady at a famous Victorian crush: "Good-bye, dear Lady J——. *Such* a successful party! *Nobody* thought they could *ever* get upstairs!"

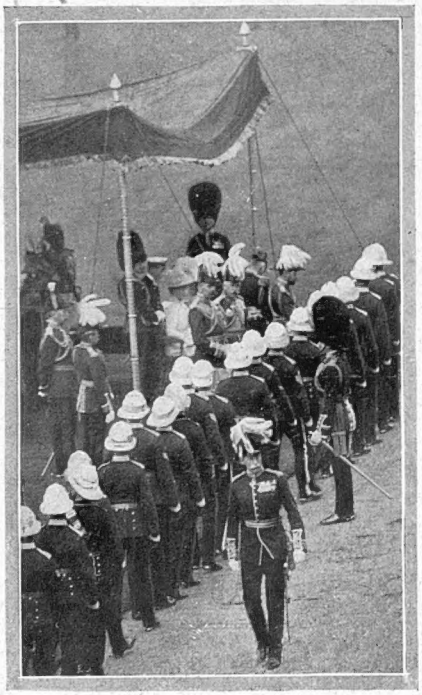
The Gala Performance

One Gala is very like another, the ingredients, 10,000,000,000 paper roses, white satin programmes, as many artists as stage will hold, pages of preliminary Press puffs, wildly inflated prices, always the same. Living or lately living dramatists are rigidly barred, and the invariable practice is to hurl unintelligible bits of none too intelligible wholes unintelligibly at an audience whose intelligence I really think is somewhat underrated on these occasions. (Shall I *ever* forget the agonies of repressed boredom obviously undergone by Kaiser and suite at the Drury Lane performance of *Money?*)

Photograph *Lafayette*

Mr. Balfour's First Lieutenant

Mr. A. D. Steel-Maitland, M.P., who is appointed to succeed Sir A. Acland-Hood, M.P., in charge of the Conservative Central Office. May his first General Election be a triumph for him!



Unwearied of Kind-Doing

His Majesty presents Coronation Medals to the Colonial troops at Buckingham Palace. With the King will be recognised the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Kitchener

The Royal Garden-Party

Ideal weather favoured the biggest Royal Garden-Party on record. So immense was the attendance that before all the carriages could be hauled or hailed from the Mall their Majesties were sitting down to dinner. Sir Joseph Lyons fed the commonalty, the King's *chef* the Royalties, and some disappointment was expressed that the famous Cup that helps to cheer on Court nights was not in evidence at the party.

The Week—

Wimbledon and Henley and days on end of cricket form this week's social programme. The 'Varsity match still draws a *soupçon* of Society (men, if not women), as well as all the country parsons and their daughters; while past and present adherents of that system of education recently condemned as "producing men capable only of callous isolation" continue to flock, mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins duly in tow, to Lord's for the Eton and Harrow.

—And Its Hostesses

"Lunch with us at Lord's," is, therefore, a popular invitation of the moment, while ball hostesses include Lady Cadogan (making her début in that capacity), Lady Allendale (the Liberal member of a strong Tory family), Lady Salisbury, and Mrs. Maldwin Drummond (one of the most moneyed of the many moneyed American hostesses in London). For the first time this season the Duchess of Portland is also entertaining.

On Dit

At Wimbledon, where the Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting is still in full blast, that a certain successful young man is successfully negotiating yet further successes, which will include not only a lady, but also, what is even more important, £25,000 a year. And at Westminster that the funniest of those funny stories with which Mrs. Burns held Mr. Balfour entranced throughout the Opera Gala concerned—but, no, perhaps I'd better not! Print *is* so dangerous!

Their Majesties' Garden-Party

SIX THOUSAND GUESTS IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE SCENE ON THE ROYAL LAWNS

In ideal weather for such an event the King and Queen entertained six thousand guests in the gardens of their Palace on Tuesday last. The scene was one of great beauty, the ladies' charming frocks being well set off by the green of the lawns, which looked very fresh after the rain of the preceding days. The King wore plain morning dress, and Queen Mary a dress of cream satin hand-painted with pale pink flowers. Three military bands, the Coldstream Guards, the Royal Engineers, and the Royal Artillery played in different parts of the grounds

Coronation Afterthoughts

A Piccadilly Critic—

SO novel a journalistic experiment as our attempt, last week, to state the facts as to the various Coronation festivities, was expected to cause a certain amount of disturbance. A gentleman, writing from Piccadilly, is good enough to suggest that the member of the staff who was deputed to visit the Naval Review, and who saw the same from the s.s. *Soudan*, is "extremely inaccurate." He himself had the honour of being present aboard one of His Majesty's warships, and he had never before seen such a scene of interest and animation; there was little silence about it. The cheering from the sailors, as the Royal yacht passed, was in itself a lesson.

—Of Our Representative at the Naval Review

It so happens that our representative saw the spectacle not from the warship in which my correspondent had the honour to be present, but, as he stated in his article, from the s.s. *Soudan*, the ship provided by the Admiralty for the use of the Press, and I am satisfied that his account of what he there saw is a substantially accurate description of *what* he saw, from the standpoint from which he saw it, and as this Piccadilly gentleman did not see it from that standpoint, I do not see how he is in a position to accuse another gentleman who did of being "extremely inaccurate."

Photograph *Sport and General*

POPULAR INTEREST IN A MERE POLITICIAN!

Despite the recent public absorption in Royalties, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George attracted close attention on their way from last Tuesday's Royal Garden-party

Enterprise Rewarded

THE CORONATION BYSTANDER has, I am glad to report, met with universal public favour, and last week's special issue has enjoyed an almost unprecedented sale. For one reason, the price was, as usual, sixpence; for another, while most of our contemporaries contented themselves with issuing purely pictorial souvenirs of the event, THE BYSTANDER gave, in addition to a full supply of pictures, a series of specially written first-hand descriptions from every possible standpoint. The alleged passion of the public of to-day for pictures does not blind us to the fact that many thousands of men and women are equally attracted by the written evidence of things seen. If you are among these, please receive my assurance that what was done with regard to the Coronation will be done with regard to other great national events. There are pens, as well as cameras and brushes, in London.

"Strange to Say!"

A writer in a recent issue of *M.A.P.* makes the following reference to ourselves: "We are promised next week an absolutely truthful record, from all points of view, published, strange to say, after the Coronation, though the editor is discreetly silent as to when the account is written." What they were promised was duly given in our last week's issue. If the editor of *M.A.P.* can prove that any portion of this "record" was written at any time other than *after* the Coronation, we shall be glad to receive from him the tribute due to the greatest company of accurate prophets ever assembled together since the Pentecost. I expect, though, by now he has seen the issue and changed his mind thereupon.

As He Saw the Coronation

We do not profess, however, to have been alone among mid-weeklies to have given a written record of Coronation actualities. A word of praise is due to another illustrated weekly which, under the heading of "How We Saw the Coronation," publishes an account of experiences that can only be described as unique. Nobody in all London had anything like them. The writer alleges that he stood "breakfastless and lunchless and tealess from half-past four a.m. until six o'clock p.m. in a stuffy thoroughfare." It took him at least five hours to get to the Green Park from leaving his bed. . . . "The crowds of people who hoped, apparently, to see something of the pageant from the clock tower at the end of the Vauxhall Bridge Road was something marvellous." (Was they? They must have been!) But worse than this—"the necks of the persons standing in front of them must have stretched as far as Putney." Astounding! The writer appears to have had the most frightful experiences at Buckingham Palace. To get into the crowd he fought like an infuriated bull, but the policeman said, "These 'ere gates aren't going to be opened again for anyone. There's more in now than the place can hold." Was there, though! Who'd ever have thought it?

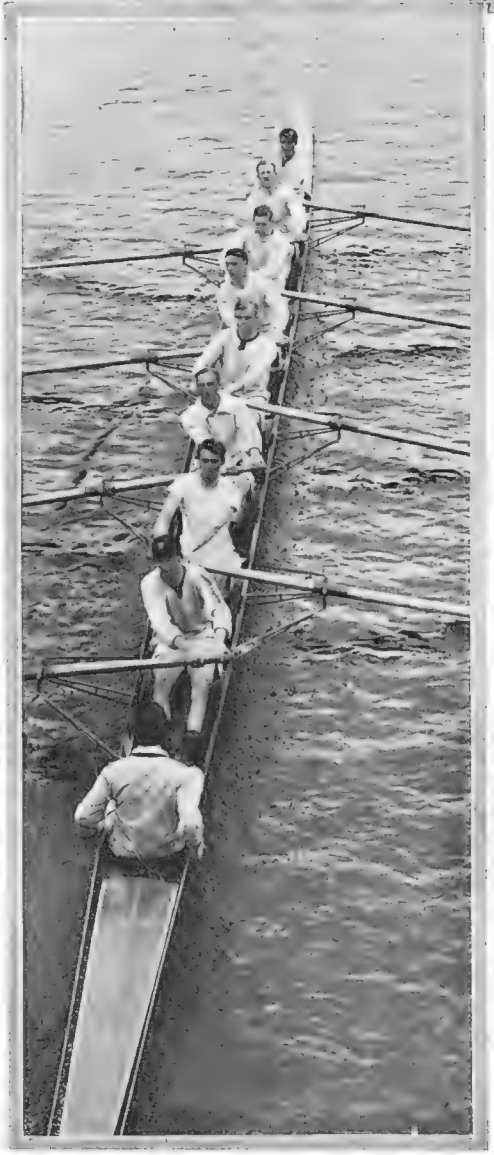
Where Was the Press?

And yet the Press (including even THE BYSTANDER), with all its vaunted organisation, missed all this. It misled the public, by pen and camera, into believing that at no time were the crowds on the route itself, let alone at Vauxhall Bridge Road, at all excessive, and that nowhere was it necessary to close the barriers. As to waiting till 6 p.m. to get out of the crowds—now, come, come! If our contemporary can't anticipate a little more intelligently than this, it had better give up trying.

THE OARSMAN'S MECCA

HENLEY REGATTA SECURES A RECORD ENTRY

Magdalen College (Oxford)
Magdalen, who are the holders of the they lost the headship of the river at Blues, and will take



Jesus College (Cambridge) Grand Challenge Eight
Of this famous crew, which beat the Belgians recently at Ghent, Hudson and Goldsmith are unable to row, but the eight, as rearranged, is still a force to be reckoned with

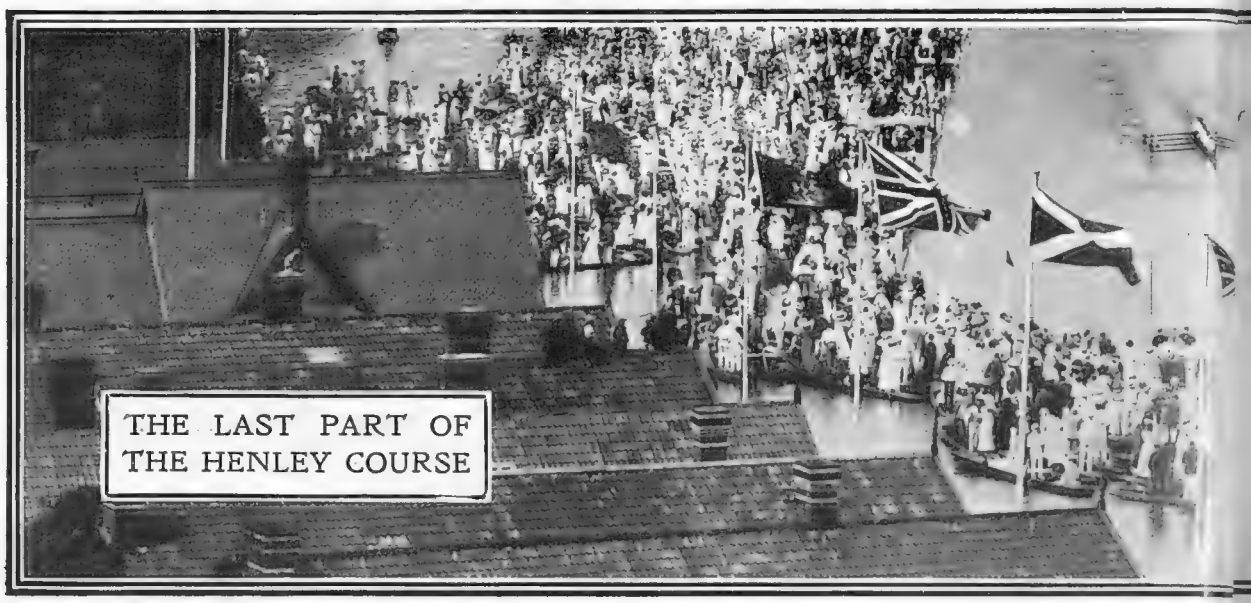
Grand Challenge Eight
Grand, have reconstituted their crew since Oxford in May. It now contains six Old a lot of beating

HENLEY Regatta, which is due to begin to-day, affords one of the best illustrations I know of the vitality of English sport. Ostensibly the regatta is a flourishing and popular institution; actually it has been in financial difficulties for several years past. But the idea of a rowing season without its premier regatta is unthinkable. If Henley were in the last dying agonies of stoney-brokenness it would still go on—somehow; the necessary funds to revive it would be forthcoming from somewhere. This year the officials are very likely, in their inmost hearts, again wondering whether ends will meet; but no whisper of such anxiety is heard abroad. All that matters is that this year's Henley is going to equal, if it does not eclipse, its predecessors.

For, in the first place, there is a record entry—that is to say, it is the largest ever known if allowance is made for the new restriction, which prohibits the same eight from entering both for the Ladies' Plate and the Thames Cup. In 1907 and 1909 these "double" entries brought the totals up to seventy-four and seventy-seven, but counting them as one (as they would necessarily be under the new rule), the totals were only sixty-three and sixty-nine, whereas this year's net entry is seventy-one. Another feature of this year's entry is the preponderance of 'Varsity, and particularly of Cambridge, crews. Sixteen 'Varsity colleges in all are represented — ten Cambridge and six Oxford — while Cambridge sends eleven separate eights as against Oxford's four. It will be quite a Light Blue Henley.

All the same, I expect to see the darker blue to the fore in several of the principal events. Magdalen, Oxford, are the holders of the Grand Challenge Cup, and although they lost the headship of the river at Oxford to New College in May, they are putting on an eight for the Grand that will take an awful lot of beating, with six Blues in it—all tried men. New College are sending their head-of-the-river crew, slightly rearranged, while Cambridge is represented by the Jesus crew (with two alterations) which recently beat the Belgians on their

Henley Regatta: Who is Fanc

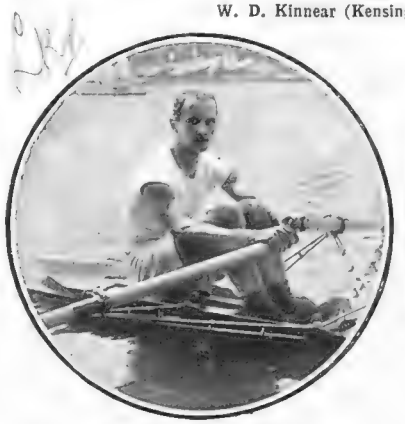


Our illustration gives a good idea of what the "finishing straight" at Henley looks like while a race is in progress. The course is k tw

own waters. The latter are, of course, represented in the Grand again by a crew differently constituted from that which the Jesus men defeated; while the other foreign entry is that of a very smart Canadian crew representing the Ottawa R.C.

First Trinity, head of the river at Cambridge, are not going for the Grand, possibly because their eight will be weakened by the absence of its best man, J. B. Rosher; but they are entered for the Ladies' Plate, of which Eton are the holders. Should "the boys" win again their victory will be hard-earned against opposition which includes, besides "First," Jesus, Pembroke, and Trinity Hall (Cambridge), Brasenose and University (Oxford), and Radley, a school second only to Eton in rowing fame.

W. D. Kinnear (Kensington R.C.), the Holder



Bernhardt von Gaza (Viking R.C., Berlin)
A former competitor, who is having another "go"

Rudolf Lucas (Mayence R.C., Germany)
Runner-up in the last two years

THE HOLDER OF THE DIAMONDS AND TWO OF HIS CHALLENGERS

Winnipeg, the holders, are not defending the Stewards' Cup, but there are two other crews of "invaders" competing—Ottawa and the Mayence four, who were here last year. The strongest of the home "defences" are Magdalen, Oxford, and the redoubtable Thames four. Magdalen are my fancy. Of the Goblets, Burn and Thomson (Leander) are the holders. They will take a lot of shifting; but here again Magdalen, represented by Garton and Mackinnon, possess a distinctly healthy chance, though pair-oared racing is such a "tricky" business that anything may happen in this event, in which all the couples are potential flyers. In the Diamonds the London clubs should have a good look in. Kinnear (Kensington) is the holder, and Dewar (London) has also raced in this event before, which counts for much; so, too, have von Gaza (Berlin) and Lucas (Mayence), and the latter has twice been second. No one would grudge the reward of perseverance to either, but several other men will also have to be reckoned with, including Bourne, the famous Oxford stroke; C. M. Stuart, the brother of the winner in 1909; and E. W. Powell, the old Cambridge Blue. Altogether we are promised an exceptionally interesting four days' racing and a really festive time into the bargain, if only the Clerk of the Weather will kindly remember where we are, and how very essential a fine day (to say nothing of a fine evening) is to the true enjoyment of Henley.

As everybody knows, the Henley Regatta course is not a fair one owing to the advantage possessed by the boat drawing the Bucks station. This advantage is not so great on a calm

or Victory in the Various Contests

two lines of booms, inside which all onlookers afloat are penned. In the picture two eights are shown finishing a tight race

day or with a leading wind, but with a wind from any point off the Bucks shore it is considerable. I suppose the spirit of conservatism which is so pronounced in all branches of sport is answerable for this traditional anomaly, but there seems at last to be some prospect of its being done away with. Mr. Harcourt Gold, the old Oxford President and Blue, has taken up the question, and in a long letter to the *Field* has propounded a scheme for equalising the stations, which certainly deserves the closest attention. I hope that his lead will be followed by other influential rowingmen, and that this year will see the last of the course on its present lines.

F. E. Hellyer and L. G. Cadbury (First Trinity, Cambridge)
One of the eight strong pairs entered for the Goblets, of which two old Blues, J. S. Burn and G. L. Thomson, are holders

The Ottawa R.C. (Canada) Grand Challenge Eight

Names: E. Phillips (bow), T. Joliffe (2), R. Greene (3), D. J. O'Donahue (4), J. McCraig (5), W. Harrison (6), M. Kiet (7), E. H. Pulford (stroke), and C. Payne (cox.). The Club's "war cry" is "Hobble-gobble razzle-dazzle, siz, boom, bah; Ottawa, Ottawa, Rah, *Rah*, RAH!"

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT all seems very far away now. Even those who, being of a sailor race, went to inspect our "far-flung battle-line" off Portsmouth are pretty well recovered from that empty feeling. The Lord Mayor is quite fit.

* * *

His coachman, by the way, was not among those who spent an unexpected night on the deep, "testifying their loyalty," as the Lord Mayor prettily said. One is glad to know he was not among the sufferers, for anything tending to reduce his portly dignity could not but be regarded as a disaster by all true Londoners.

* * *

Policemen say it is wonderfully cheery to see London full up again. Poor fellows, they must have spent two very lonely days standing by their barriers, and they well deserve their medal and extra pay.

* * *

Our statesmen must be very glad, too, that it is all over. For a good week nobody thought of them, and you could count on your fingers the people who said "Winston Churchill!" or "Lloyd George!" Now, if you see anybody excited or angry, they are fairly certain to be saying something of the sort.

* * *

Nobody seems quite to know why we are having so many by-elections again, but one suggestion is that they are to make work for our Judges. Their intellects would rust so dreadfully if there were no election petitions to inquire into.

* * *

Personally, I cannot see that an M.P. has a right to accept a peerage when he has promised to represent a constituency in the House of Commons. It is a breach of contract, which gives endless trouble to the voters, and any Member so behaving ought to be properly punished—say, by being compelled to listen to all the election speeches of his successor.

* * *

"Doctor Desires Cremation" was a recent heading in the *Daily Chronicle*. Alas! it is but a single doctor who has thus anticipated Mr. Lloyd George's wishes for the faculty.

* * *

Answer to Correspondent.—"No. You cannot obtain a season ticket for Westminster Abbey at a reduced cost. The side-shows are inconsiderable. Why not try the Crystal Palace or the White City?"

* * *

The suggestion that motor-horns should be standardised—to a pleasant sort of hoot—in order that night noises in London should be less terrible sounds an excellent one, and the only question is who should the hoot be? Cuckoo? Or Madame Tetrazzini's top-note? Or the old cry, "Sweet Lavender"?

* * *

Any of these, insisted upon by the police, would give a new feeling towards motors. We should get up out of our beds at night to listen to them; we should stand in the middle of the road while the motor-'bus came along; we should enjoy insomnia and love to be run over.

* * *

Only something by which they can endear themselves should be left to the airmen. They are coming along now. They wish to do no harm. They, too, will want to hoot soon. The motorists must not be selfish and monopolise all sweet sounds.

* * *

An old lady who was taken to see the Russian dancers and disapproved of them says that she always understood the Ballet was secret, and it certainly ought to be.

* * *

The discussion of "Marriage," to which the *Times* has lately been opening its columns, has not, perhaps, been singularly stimulating, but all credit is due to our aged contemporary for being first in the field this Silly Season.

* * *

Brigands, it would seem, are more to be pitied for their ignorance than blamed for their crimes. Some of these men, who have caught a German Professor, have actually valued him at £45,000.

BUTLER: "I've come to give you notice, your lordship"
HIS LORDSHIP: "What's the matter, James? Doesn't the place suit you?"
JAMES: "It's not that, sir, but the cook carries on so awful, that anyone would think it was her ladyship!"
(By Wilmot Lunt)

"Chacun à Son Gout"
A French Proverb illustrated by Starr Johns

Learning the Lie of the Land

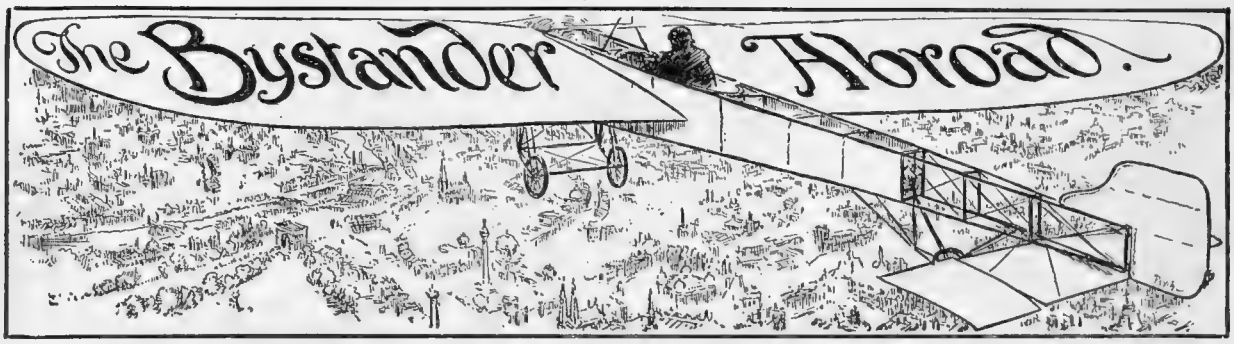
MIDSHIPMAN H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTS COLONIAL SOLDIER MEN

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (accompanied by Princess Mary) Walking Down the Colonial Lines

His Royal Highness Inspecting the Australian Cadets

The Prince Acknowledges the Cheering

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his sister, Princess Mary, and his brother, Prince George, visited the Duke of York's School, at Chelsea, on Tuesday last, and inspected the Colonial troops quartered there. It was the first official inspection undertaken by the young Prince, but he bore himself with splendid self-possession, and did not betray the slightest nervousness or embarrassment in connection with his new responsibilities. His quickness to observe every detail was shown, so it is said, when he corrected a slight error on the part of an officer whose detachment remained at the salute instead of returning to the slope. Whether or not the error was specially "arranged" to enable the young Prince to show the said quickness has not transpired



FRENCH CABINETS OLD AND NEW: A "HOLIDAY MINISTRY"

Unhonoured and Unsung

The Monis Ministry has lasted longer than many supposed. In spite of the two strong men who completely overshadowed the Prime Minister himself, the French Cabinet has been the laughing-stock of all, Royalists and Republicans alike. M. Monis's illness has been openly described as a "diplomatic illness," and but for it the Monis Ministry would long ago have been in the position it is at present. Just as the King of Servia is said to be confined to his room with gout when affairs of State become too "knotty" and Mr. Lloyd George's sore throat prevents his speaking at a moment when it is most difficult to speak, so M. Monis's accident has expanded the existence of the present Cabinet.

Here To-day and—

M. Berteaux's death has been given by many as one of the immediate causes of the fall of the Ministry, but this is not quite correct. The Ministry was tottering before the fatal accident which befel him, and as if in honour of the memory of this great man a supreme effort was made to keep the Ministry in power just a little longer. The rapidity with which Cabinets change in France is an inexhaustible subject for the pen of the humorist. If you ask a French Minister to make an engagement for a day ahead he jokingly answers, "That depends if I am still in power!" The comic papers depict a French Minister's wife as continually packing and unpacking. Some of them, it is true, take an enormous amount of luggage with them, others take enough for a short holiday, whilst M. Clemenceau and M. Briand, having no wives to do the moving for them, for the short time they expected to be Ministers thought it wiser not to move at all, and used the official residence merely as an office. The new Ministry shows how nearly the possibility of finding new elements out of which to create new Cabinets is approaching exhaustion.

M. de Selvès

The new French Foreign Minister, formerly Prefect of the Seine. The *Eclair* has published a violent article protesting against his appointment

Caillaux's Handicap

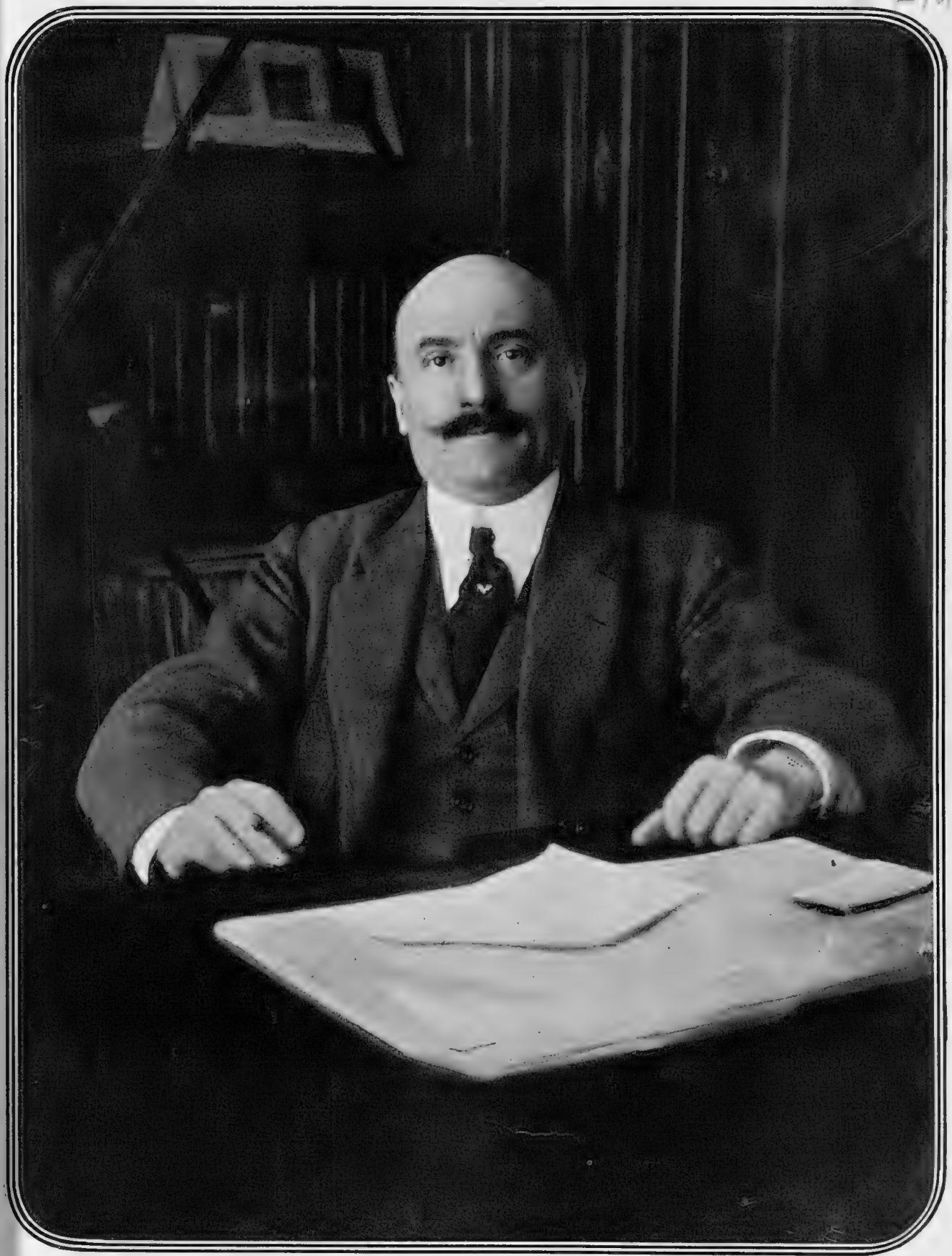
M. Caillaux is not a popular man among the working-classes. He has never been associated with any measure which has excited any eager interest; in fact, he is disliked on account of his being identified with the income tax proposal. In the Chamber of Deputies, however, he has made his mark as a painstaking and hard-working Minister. He is still in the prime of life, and young enough and able enough to undertake any amount of physical exertion. In addition to this he has a private fortune, and this fact, combined with his nervous activity, does not detract from the confidence he inspires. M. Delcassé, who has once more been suggested as Prime Minister, has again refused the honour. His province is the navy, and he has put into his determination to make it really powerful all the energy of an enthusiast. He talks about nothing but ships, is constantly visiting them, and is leaving no stone unturned in his desire to create a fine fleet. M. Caillaux's nervous and irritable manner will, as Prime Minister, however, certainly stand in his way. He takes everything so seriously, and is so much in earnest, that few will share in the opinion he holds of himself. He is in direct contrast to M. Clemenceau, whose fund of humour and ever-ready wit allowed him to turn everything into ridicule. Although, as I said before, one can never tell how long a Ministry will last in France, there is a general impression that this is a "holiday Ministry," and everyone will be satisfied if it lasts over the holidays.

THE CORONATION BYSTANDER

Although out of print a few copies of this most attractive production may still be obtained of the publisher at the usual price of 6d. It contains a complete Pictorial and Verbal Record of both Processions, the actual Ceremony, and the Naval Review. Send one to your friends in the Colonies.

The "Lloyd George" of France!

OTHERWISE THE FRENCH PREMIER—AT THE MOMENT OF GOING TO PRESS



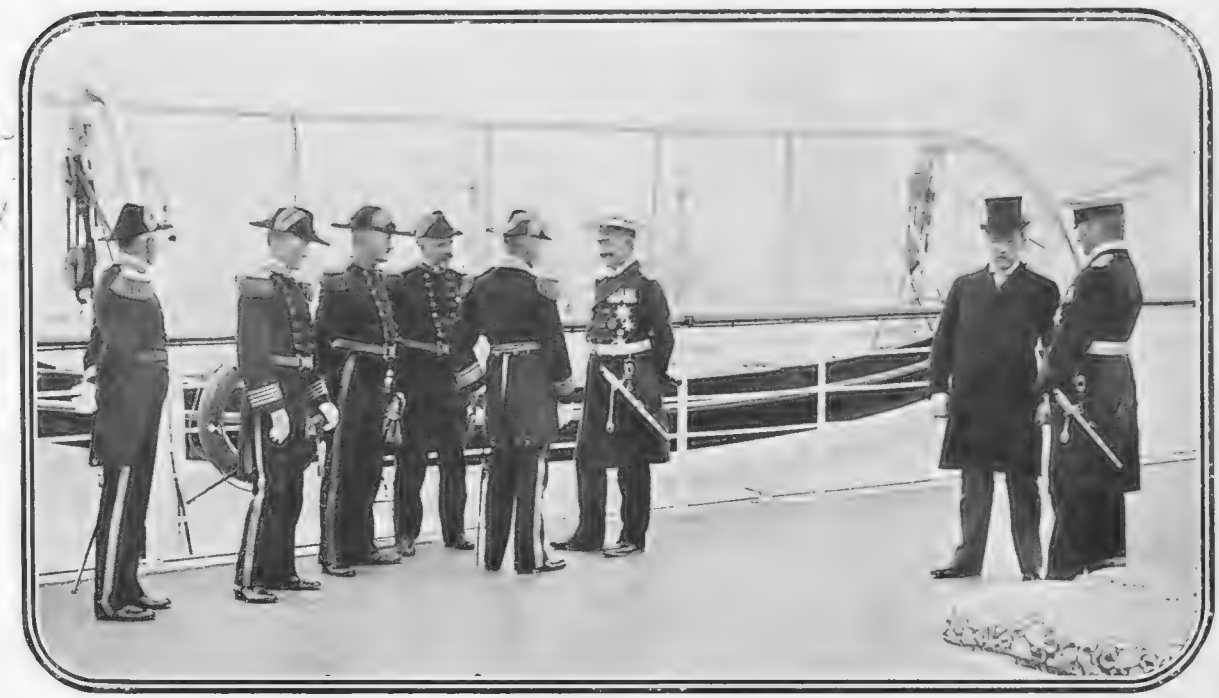
M. JOSEPH CAILLAUX

M. Monis, on resigning, advised the French President to send for M. Caillaux as his new Premier. The latter is forty-eight years of age, and achieved fame by becoming Finance Minister at the early age of thirty-six. He has been called the "Lloyd George of France," and has fought a duel. We must not, however, condemn him for that. Most people, if called the Lloyd George of anywhere, would want to fight a duel. Whether M. Caillaux will be Prime Minister of France when this issue appears we do not know. But we are doing our best to keep abreast of the political changes in Paris

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

OFF TO THE SEASIDE

BERLINERS are feverishly preparing for their holidays. Their chief holiday month is July, and not August. On July 4, all schools are closed, and parents, with trails of spectacled children, fly away for a rest. The Berliner, unlike the Londoner, does not invariably seek the sea. If without children, he prefers to go to the Tyrol or even, despite the heat, to Italy, where he is welcomed and despised by a business-like, but discriminating, population. However, the German analogue to the paterfamilias of the British comic paper prefers the sea. Mostly he goes to the saltless, tideless Baltic, which lies only a few hours away; but if he is well-to-do and prefers real salt water, he makes for Norderney or Borkum (of British spy fame), or some other sandy island in the North Sea.



Kaiser Wilhelm Chats with American Officers at Kiel Regatta

Kiel regatta week clashed with our Coronation week. The Emperor was present on the *Hohenzollern*, and personally greeted the chief officers of the American squadron, which arrived at Kiel after its visit to Russian waters. This American visit has been warmly welcomed in the German Press. On the right of our photograph is Mr. Hill, the American Ambassador, in morning dress

The German bourgeois holiday-maker and tripper is much more interesting than the British. In the first place, you know him long before he has started from Berlin. By dress, equipment, and manners, he takes care to let the world understand that he is off to the salt sea waves. On whatever sport he is bent—even if only as a spectator—he dresses the part. A fortnight ago the Berlin Bystander met, at the German Aeroplane Race start, one of his best friends, Herr Heizkoerper, dressed in full airman's uniform, with leather cap-flaps tightly pressing his ears. With a touch of jealousy the Berlin Bystander ventured a "Hallo—are you flying?" "Well, yes—that is—no," was the answer.

When every 5th of July Herr Heizkoerper, his adorably pretty wife, and their fat son David, set out for Heiligendamm (chosen in order to be near to Crown Princess Cecilie, who "discovered" the wave-kissed Paradise), nobody ever mistakes what he is up to. His very dress, as his friends remark admiringly, smacks of the sea. He wears mustard-coloured knickerbockers and a green Tyrolean hat with a cock's feather, and his wife also wears a Tyrolean hat. Both naturally carry Alpenstocks to negotiate the perilous sand-bunkers on the Baltic coast. Frau Heizkoerper wears thick driving gloves; and altogether no tipsy British tar on his way to join Nelson's fleet at Portsmouth ever looked as nautical.

But nine-year-old David pleases me still more. He confirms magnificently the Kaiser's recent dictum that "young Germany, like young England, is immersed in physical sport." David wears a soldier's brass-mounted *pickelhaube*, black Tyrolean breeches, four inches short of the knees, with embroidered arabesques, and a sweater. With genuine sporting nonchalance, Herr Heizkoerper's yellow-and-white striped bathing-suit is slung round his neck. The Heizkoerpers' luggage consists of seven or eight suit-cases, all with embossed designs, three parcels, and a packet of butterbreads.

Naturally, in this effective get-up the Heizkoerpers harmonise charmingly with the pine-clad flats and tranquil waters of the broad Baltic. For the past month the fat Sunday newspapers are full of advertisements of *Reise-und Bad-Artikeln*, that is, of miraculous seaside luggage, knapsacks, Thermos Flasks, "sport trousers," "English tourist capes," field-glasses, and freckle removers. All this is "englisch." That is proved by the fact that the advertisement shows you a clean-shaven young man with a hard face, who fiercely bites a pipe, the smoke of which inscribes in the air the magic phrase:

"JOHN-BULL-ARTIKELN."

"That phrase," reasons the wily advertiser with justice, "is alone enough to sell my wares."

Mainly Mordkin (Pavlova Inset)

Photograph Ellis and Walery
Mlle. Pavlova, who Dances with M. Mordkin

SOME ATTITUDES
OF THE RUSSIAN DANCER
WHO RESENTS
BEING REPRESENTED AS
DANCING SECOND STEP
TO HIS FAIR—
BUT NON-FRIENDLY—
COLLEAGUE,
MLLE. PAVLOVA

Photographs of Mordkin by *Gallichan and Gasquoine*

Out of sheer human sympathy for M. Mordkin, who has to subsist on a wretched £175 a week minimum, and doesn't get all the limelight he deserves, we publish these portraits glorifying him for once in a way at the expense of Mlle. Pavlova, whom we inset intentionally small. When the world is callous and unjust to an individual, "The Bystander" is always the first to endeavour to adjust the balance

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THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S

REVIEWED BY "JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW

SIR HERBERT TREE'S admirable Gala Performance by Royal Command must have been gratifying to all concerned. All the well-known people in the theatrical profession seem to have appeared during the evening in the six items that composed the miscellaneous programme. I do not know why a performance by command should consist of disconnected tit-bits; though, no doubt, most people are better informed in this respect than I. Indeed, when I reflect on my appalling ignorance in these matters, I should be ashamed of myself if it were not a breach of journalistic etiquette to be anything of the kind. I do not know, also, why some of our great modern dramatists could not be invited to prepare a modern play for such a great occasion. I have been told that the selection of one great dramatist would seem a slight to the others; but as I know nothing of these matters I am able to assert quite freely that I think that is all nonsense. The authors favoured at this Gala Performance were Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, Mr. T. W. Robertson, Mr. R. B. Sheridan, and Mr. Ben Jonson. I believe I am right in saying that all these gentlemen are dead; and the revival of their work on such an occasion as this almost seems designed to convey the impression that the modern drama is dead too. Whereas, I have just written a four-act play, which—but now I come to think of it, the Editor has asked me if I will kindly talk a little less about myself in these notes, and I should, I hope, be the last to rebel against properly constituted authority.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at His Majesty's Theatre

The Gala Performance opened with a prologue written by Mr. Owen Seaman, the well-known navigator of *Punch*, and spoken by Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson in his best pulpit manner. Myself, I prefer Mr. Forbes-Robertson in a more declamatory vein; yet I doubt if anyone else could have read the prologue so gracefully, or so well. I have nothing to say of the excerpt from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which opened the entertainment, beyond the fact that we were all, of course, greatly pleased to see Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal again. There may have been some other reason why this snippet was given; but I could not discover it myself. After that we had the second act of *David Garrick*, where we were on surer ground. It was good to find Sir Charles Wyndham once more in the part that has made him so justly famous throughout Europe; and it seemed to me that he acted it with all his accustomed energy and delicate art. But for the fact, however, that I had the good fortune to see the whole of the play some years ago, this excerpt would have conveyed nothing to me, excellently acted though it was by a company that included Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, and Miss Mary Moore.

Some of my friends on the Continent are given occasionally to twitting me with the fact that the English have no sense of humour. I think the fourth item on the Gala programme entirely disposes of this really libellous charge. Only a humorous nation could have conceived the idea of offering to its newly crowned King a play-scene illustrating the death of—Cæsar! I understand that while the programme proposed at these performances is invariably submitted for the Royal approval, the King usually defers to the management in respect of the fare offered. But I think His Majesty must have swallowed a lump in his throat when he found he had been invited to witness on a Gala occasion the spectacle of a great Chief of State who had died by violence as the result of a mistaken form of government. I mean, hang it all, it was a performance in connection with the Coronation, and unless this part of the entertainment was intended as a little joke, I do not very well see how we are to take it. Apart from this detail, Sir Herbert Tree's rendering of Marc Antony's famous oration was most impressive.

The fifth item on the programme was Sheridan's *Critic*, which has not, I think, had much vogue since the old Gaiety days, when the idea was comparatively new to London. Since then, however, we have had *A Pantomime Rehearsal* (from which it seems to me Mr. Sheridan has borrowed an idea or two), and

other plays of the kind enjoying more modern treatment. The mock heroics of *The Critic* were, no doubt, effective enough in their day; but they hardly represent the kind of humour which the modern playgoer finds tolerable. I sincerely hope that His Majesty will not infer from this tremendous effort to be funny that it represents the typical humour of the twentieth century. All that skilled management could do with such a piece, however, Sir Herbert Tree undoubtedly accomplished. "Don Whiskerandos" had an ideal representative in Mr. Cyril Maude, who certainly put more humour into the part than it ever had before; while Lady Tree caught the spirit of Tilburina's character with pleasing deftness. Sir George Alexander, in the two-line part of a sentinel, managed to get some humour out of the vagaries of a couple of pikes; and Miss Winifred Emery was even more successful in the longer part of Queen Elizabeth. One merit of the piece is that it contains a part for nearly everybody; and as most of the leading members of the profession, with a charming grace, had agreed to waive for the nonce their constitutional right to the centre of the stage and all the limelight, the harmony of the proceedings was exquisite and touching to a degree.

The entertainment concluded with Ben Jonson's masque, *The Vision of Delight*, which was chiefly remarkable for the superb tints of the costumes. I have seen masques interpreted more hilariously, but never more beautifully; and no doubt the importance of the occasion had something to do with the nicely restrained enthusiasm of the majority of the revellers. I suppose the ordinary theatregoer is not expected to be able rightly to appreciate an entertainment of this class. I cannot believe that if it were offered to the general public in the ordinary way it would receive any great measure of support. The overwhelming interest for the ordinary person lay, of course, in the number of prominent actors and actresses taking part; but as they were given no opportunity to show their quality, they became merely objects of curiosity. I venture the opinion that at a Coronation function significant of so much, it would have been better if the King had had an opportunity of encouraging a worthy modern example of the Art which optimists aver is to be one of the glories of his reign. I may, of course, be mistaken in this opinion. I have been so often mistaken in the past that the periodical recurrence of the phenomenon no longer surprises me.

JINGLE

Mlle. Genée and "Legitimate" Dancing

MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE is appearing at the Coliseum for an eight weeks' engagement previous to her departure for America. Amid the welter of dancers of all nationalities she maintains her pride of place. The perfervid praise which Macaulay awarded to the first of biographers is due to the first of dancers. "She has so completely out-distanced all her competitors that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere."

And what gives Mlle. Genée her pre-eminence? Like the great Strafford, her policy is "thorough." "Impressionism," said Zola, the prince of plodders, "is merely an excuse for laziness." There is no "impressionism" about Mlle. Genée. She offers you the finished product, the completed picture. You could put her work under the microscope, and every detail would stand out clearly for examination. "I have given my life and myself to my dancing," she says. Four hours a day she has danced to her mirror. She avoids wine. She eats sparely. She shuns a supper-party. When her work is over her day is done, and she drives home to bed.

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

Genée in a Crinoline

A costume in which the famous dancer appears in the first scene of the fantasy, *A Dream of Roses and Butterflies*, at the Coliseum

For the various "schools" she has nothing but a shrug. She knows there is only one ballet-school, which is the school of the Italian masters, and when you have learnt all they can teach you your education is complete. "The 'new' dancers," she says, "tell me nothing. They steal what they want and endeavour to embroider a personality on their booty. There is no law which prevents a human being who poses and sprints from calling himself or herself a dancer." There is no copyright in labels. But Mlle. Genée will have nothing to do with new names. What is "new" is not true, and what is true is not "new." Mlle. Genée remains the greatest dancer of her day, not merely because she is the greatest executant of her art, but because she has been jealous of its purity and has suffered neither interference nor encroachment on the authority of its teachers. The spirit of the hour is to look askance at what is legitimate and to worship at the rococo shrine of false gods. Mlle. Genée stands for what is legitimate, and proclaims her allegiance from the housetops.

The theatrical world had a great opportunity on Tuesday evening last to lay its tribute of loyalty at Their Majesties' feet, and took every advantage of it. Practically every actor and actress of note took part in the performance, and, amazing to relate, acted in perfect harmony. The British part of the audience were delighted, but what some of the foreigners thought of it all—Sheridan's "Critic," for instance—can only be guessed

BY NORMAN MORROW

"Friends, Romans, and Countrymen" Fac

THE FORUM SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR" AT T

Concerning the excerpt from "Julius Cæsar," presented at the Gala Performance at His Majesty's (a photograph of which appears above), "Jingle" writes: 'The stage management of Mr. Granville Barker was quite up to date. When Marc Antony at the commencement of his speech adroitly brought in the name of Brutus, he was interrupted by a storm of wild cheers, just as nowadays a speaker who wants to 'draw' his audience mentions Mr. Chamberlain te tri mark you) was very well managed, even if it ted to the athletic membe of the Oppositio who cut climb up to the Forum in order to have a per

the Flashlight of the Stage Photographer

GALA PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

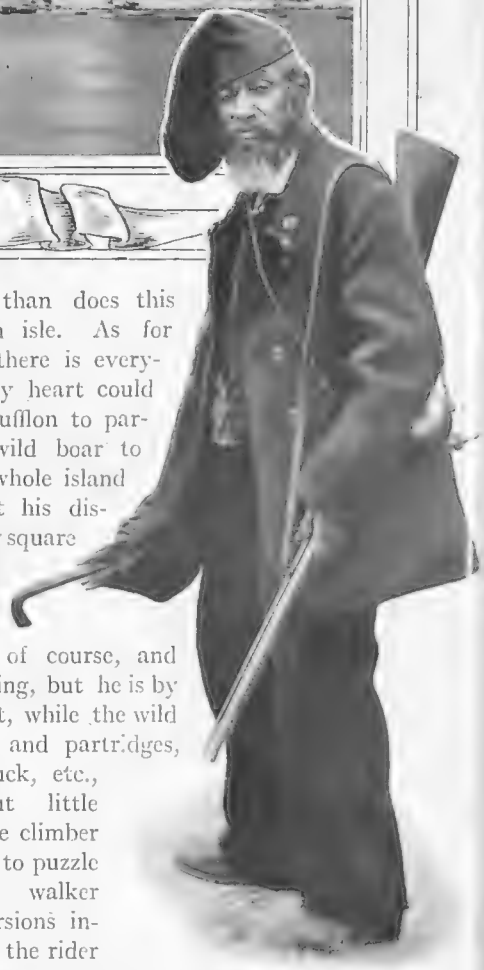
crowd (composed entirely of well-known actors rifle too enthusiastic. My heart quit went out d, at the commencement of the great peech, to uffle with Antony. It took four sturdy soldiers to get him off the steps. The whole scene was most successful from first to last; and to my mind this is one of the best things Sir Herbert Tree (who may be seen in the picture at the foot of the rostrum) has done." Mr. A. E. George played Cæsar, Mr. E. S. Willard returned to the stage to play Brutus, and Mr. Basil Gill was the Cassius

CORSICA TO-DAY

Calvi, Corsica: Reported to be the Birthplace of Christopher Columbus

"L'ISLE de Beauté et de misère," the French call Corsica, and it is an apt description. In all my wanderings in that enchanted yet distressful isle, I have scarce found one ugly spot—or seen a house whose rental could have reached a hundred a year! Indeed, the contrast between the magnificence of the scenery and the poverty of those who dwell among it is literally appalling. Corsica, a country with incalculable possibilities, is practically so much waste land given up to the poorest, the proudest, the most stubborn, and, perhaps, the laziest peasants in all Europe.

Switzerland, the Tyrol, any European tourist resort one may care to name, boasts no more beauty than does this almost unknown isle. As for the sportsman, there is everything his greedy heart could desire, from moufflon to partridges, from wild boar to trout, and the whole island is practically at his disposal, but a few square miles being preserved. The moufflon is rather scarce, of course, and takes some getting, but he is by no means extinct, while the wild boar abounds, and partridges, quail, wild duck, etc., etc., want but little finding. For the climber there are peaks to puzzle him; for the walker there are excursions innumerable; for the rider there are horses to be hired for a song. The lazy man may drive all day long behind an untireable pair of Corsican horses, surely the pluckiest in the world, for less than a sovereign; and there are motor-cars to be had, though a motor-car seems as out of place in Corsica as a hansom in Piccadilly.



A Typical Corsican
A Corsican seldom ventures out unarmed or without an umbrella

A Corsican Bride and Bridegroom
The Corsicans seldom walk, horses and donkeys being so cheap

Yet with all this Corsica remains almost unvisited—so much so that there are only two modern hotels in the whole island, the rest of the accommodation being confined to tiny inns seldom possessing more than half a dozen beds, clean for the most part, but boasting no modern comforts, and kept by ignorant peasants who know nothing of the world beyond their villages. To prove how small is the tourist traffic in Corsica, it is absolutely essential, when touring through the island, to write or wire to each inn ordering meals or beds in advance.

A capital tour is that from Bastia to Ajaccio, the drive lasting only four days, and taking one

Corsican Capitals—Old and New

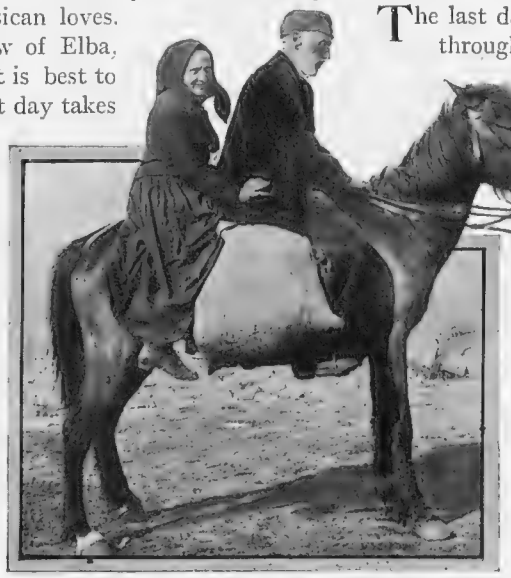
Corte, once the Capital of Corsica

It is not until you reach Corte, a quaint old town perched on the mountain-side, that you begin to realise what Corsican scenery can mean. The inn at Corte is clean and its food eatable, and if you be frivolously inclined, a tiny café concert invites you across the road

Ajaccio, the Capital of Corsica

Ajaccio is by no means a lively place. There is a theatre, but it is seldom open; there are a couple of cafés with indifferent orchestras—and that is about all. The statues of Napoleon and his brother, by the way, which "adorn" the Place of Ajaccio, are poor things, and the one in the public garden is scarcely visible owing to the trees

through some of the chief beauty-spots. Bastia itself, though described in guide-books as the most flourishing town in the island, is a dirty, dusty, windy, ugly place, whose chief industry seemed to me to consist of boot-blacking and the consumption of absinthe, which drink the Corsican loves. From Bastia you get a good view of Elba, and when you have seen that it is best to start off on your drive. The first day takes you through the most fertile part of Corsica, and perhaps the least interesting. Touring in the Isle of Beauty means early to bed and early to rise, and your driver will want you to start by 6.30 a.m. The second day's drive is one glory, through frowning gorges and smiling valleys, through a seemingly endless forest, over a mountain pass fully five thousand feet high, and finally through yet another mighty forest till you reach the picturesque little village of Evisa, where you dine and sleep in a clean little inn. On your way to Evisa you pass through the Valley of the Niolo, inhabited entirely by peasants who descend to the plains in winter-time. Here you can buy the real Corsican cloth spun by the shepherdesses in winter-time—a sort of Irish frieze of wonderful texture. So backward are the peasants of this valley that to this day their only form of artificial light is supplied by sticks of pine-wood! The third day's drive takes one from Evisa to Cargese, and the scenery through which one passes is probably the most beautiful in all the island. De Maupassant's beloved Gulf of Porto, framed in rose-pink granite, is alone worth a journey to see, to say nothing of the quaint Calanches de Piana, granite rocks of rose, ochre, and mauve, which line the roadway on either side, sometimes reaching to a height of a thousand feet, and often taking curious animal shapes.



Darby and Joan in Corsica

The last day's drive brings one to Ajaccio, through a dullish country, ravaged by malaria in summer. One makes, of course, the pilgrimage to the house of Napoleon, to be shown the bed on which Madame Mère gave birth to the little Corporal; to the Cathedral to see the font at which "Boney" was christened, and the Chapel Royal, where Madame Mère lies at rest. And, needless to say, one buys one or two of the Napoleonic souvenirs with which the shops are stocked. Every true Corsican is a Bonapartist, though exactly what this implies it is difficult to understand, seeing that Prince Victor by his marriage renounced his right, and Prince Louis belongs to the Russian Army! I argued the matter with an ardent Bonapartist a few days ago. "Que voulez-vous," said he, "all you say is very true. Mais cela ne m'empêché pas d'être Bonapartiste."

Corsica is easily reached. The boats that run from Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, and Leghorn are clean, and the cabins comfortable. The ideal moment in which to visit the Island is when the "maquis" is in full bloom and the air is impregnated with the scent of it. One need not fear the heat, for Corsica possesses climates to suit all tastes.

Evisa, a Typical Mountain Village, and a Favourite Centre for Excursions

A Shepherd's Hut Near Ajaccio

THE CONFORMISTS

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

"THERE is one thing I could never forgive," said the Poetess, adopting a dim attitude among the grey cushions, "and the one thing is popularity."

"It would kill me," said the Poet with conviction, "for it is the murderer of meter—the assassin of style—and I—I would beat it with many rods."

"Hush," murmured the Poetess, "I am dreaming of an opal flung by a mermaid into the very heart of the August moon, my hands are deep in a river of apple-blossom seeking for an amber soul—the soul of a butterfly."

The Poet pointed one sandalled foot delicately and flung out a slim hand ringed with blue scarabs.

"And I am building a lotus ship beside a sapphire sea. I have stolen the soft wings of nine white owls for sails and the outline of what never was is draped about the prow."

"The outline of what never was," repeated the Poetess; "how delicate—how faintingly exquisite. Build on, oh Lover, for I have golden feet and would walk upon your lotus ship."

They sighed together in complete unison.

"I shall steer it," went on the Poet, "with a shattered emerald and cargo it with Friday dreams."

"Why Friday dreams?" demanded the Poetess irritably. "You have stabbed the breast of my illusion with a week-day. To us who live there are no days. I wear Time in my hair like the jewelled wing of a bird. Last Wednesday is a golden anklet." She softened visibly and touched her middle-aged hair. "Why Friday dreams, my Builder of lotus ships?"

"Friday we met," whispered the Poet, "Friday we wed. Mayhap Friday we will die."

Again they sighed. The long window was open, and from the next garden came the harsh, derisive voice of a gramophone.

Lulu!—do, Loo,
Cuddle me down at Kew, Loo;
We'll get through, Loo,
In time to catch the train!
Screened behind the yew, Loo,
We'll play at peek-a-boo, Loo,
So do, Loo, down at Kew,
Cuddle me once again!

"That," said the Poetess with her mouth screwed up as though she were sucking acid drops, "that is a popular success. That made money. And I, alas—I cannot sell my sunset dreams for gold. My heart is a faded rose-petal." She leant over a large bowl starred with a solitary twig of apple-blossom. The Poet stroked his tie.

"I have sung many things to the world," he said. "I had a song born at a lark's throat. A song with sighs and a dreary river. It was a wonderful song that held the silver of nightingales. I wrote it with a sob."

"And I," wailed the Poetess, "a verse like a lily lay against my breast, and I have brought it to blossom through my tears."

He came over and kissed her with stale tenderness.

. . . . . .

"Why," asked the Poet, shading his face with a Moorish fan, "why, dear soul, have we no potatoes? I am mundane on this opal day of spring. I have stepped down from many ivory steps to be hungry."

"Potatoes," said the Poetess, "will not grow in the ilex groves you wrote of last night. I too wafted a wonderful sonnet on shadows, but it did not bring potatoes."

The Poet made a nymph-like noise in his glass as though it had been some sacred pool.

"We are poor—we are penniless for Art."

"We have sold nothing in six weeks," and the voice of the Poetess was almost shrill. "We are killing ourselves, but it is going to be a very beautiful death."

"I will die for my dreams," and the Poet turned the best side of his profile to the light; "I shall look very white when I am dead, and there will be a smile of mystery about my lips. Yes, I will die in the common caverns of hunger rather than pollute my art."

"I shall creep away into the hollow of a Thursday," began the Poetess.

"Why Thursday?" demanded the Poet.

"Thursday, one Thursday long ago you said I moved as silently as a white river."

"That was very long ago," and the Poet bit deep into the Standard Bread; "but you also will die for your art. You will creep away into the hollow of a Thursday——"

"To rest against a humming bird's bosom," said the Poetess settling her coral beads, "and a shrine of lilies will spring up instantly about my feet."

"But you were to rest on a humming bird's bosom a moment ago."

"What does that matter?" said the Poetess irritably. "I shall be slim, pale and unutterably wonderful."

A gramophone chorus from the other garden fell across her last word like a trap.

Mary Ellen, I'm lookin' for a dwellin',
Where the flowers are sweetly smellin' on their stems,
And a little patch of melon I'll be tendin' and a-sellin'
All round Mary Ellen's dwellin' on the Thames.

"If we did that sort of thing," said the Poet, "there would be no need to lie pale and unutterably wonderful."

The Poetess went half rose colour and dropped a side comb. "Whatever happens to us," there was a tremor in her voice, "we will never sink to that. Not even for every first edition of every poet would I descend from my pinnacle. My lips are against the clouds. Would you have it otherwise?"

"No," said the Poet, staring hard, "no, certainly not, but I feel that our lives are closing like a fan of ibis feathers. Closing very softly indeed. I am watching the world through the stems of the twilight grass. I feel faint and cannot remember the names we gave the stars."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"There are no potatoes," murmured the Poetess; "I do not think there will ever be any more. Alas! if I had ought else to offer you save my art."

"We are bound together by a perfect ribbon of suffering," said the Poet.

Once again across the dividing line of garden wall the gramophone proclaimed the popular gospel—

When the apple trees are pink, dear,
I'll be with you once again,
And we'll forget what's gone, dear,
All the parting and the pain;
When I take you in my arms, dear;
You will other things forget
In remembering I still love you
As I loved when first we met.

The Poetess sprang towards the window and closed it with a bang. "This afternoon," she said in a numb, cold storage voice that lay very near Ibsen; "this afternoon I shall drape myself with many ebony folds, for Art is dead, and I would mourn for Art."

. . . . . .

"Happiness lies across my heart like a flower," said the Poetess as she took the crispest bit of bacon. "I have sold a sonnet, and we shall have potatoes once more."

"Who to? How much for? And what is it about?" asked the Poet, toying with the broken sunrise of his egg.

"That is a secret," and the Poetess looked down with an automatic flush. "My heart is a guarded place for many things. There is nothing so beautiful as a secret. It is the unborn blossom on the vine of discovery."

"If you do not care to share your sonnet I need tell you nothing about mine. I also have sold one; I, too, shall be very mysterious to-day. A bird came to my window this morning and sang me a song of silver, threaded with pearls; but I shall not tell you anything about it."

The Poetess tittered angrily behind her hand.

"'Twas only a sparrow dreary in gloom."

The Poet's eyebrows wandered towards his hair.

"You have a black soul," he said, "and I do not care for you to-day. You have the eyes of an angry moon and the heart of a—a—yes, the heart of a gramophone."

"The heart of a gramophone!" repeated the Poetess. "I shall not see you till shadow time, and perhaps I shall not see you then. I go to write a wonderful sonnet, in which you shall have no share."

When she was gone the Poet opened the window. Wildly blatant the gramophone's voice rang out again. Instantly the Poet drew in his head and shut down the window. Then he stood quite still, smiled, sighed, blushed a little behind the ears, and opened it again.

"It stabs the dream breast of the morning with many swords, but I will listen to that stabbing. Art—real Art—should shrink from nothing."

The little zinc-like voice trilled and thrilled—

I want to dream with Dora on the Danube.

"Ah," went on the Poet, "if I could only flirt with Flora at Finchley, a river of pure gold would lie at my feet. I could blot my cheque-book with the twilight star. But I am genuine—I am real. And yet—and yet——"

. . . . . .

"I lean against my window," murmured the Poetess to herself, "like a scarlet poppy lost in a grey dream. I have eyes of blue brocade, but my husband's behaviour is a black grip about the throat of the day." She lifted a hand like a dank weed towards her hair.

"How unutterably terrible is the commonness of a gramophone." Her eyes narrowed into a studied line of tragic horror. "It bruises the bared breast of the beautiful, and I—I sit here lashed with a comic song——"

I want to sail to Girlie Land,
So fit up a ship for me;
I'm sick of natives on half a shell,
They ought to be on my knee.
I'm not a cannibal, only a mannible—
Can't you understand?
I'm quite up to date, and think real estate great
If I buy it in Girlie Land!

"The man who wrote that," she said, "no doubt whirls towards a golden sunset in a motor of moonstones. Veiled virgins in vivid blue wait at villages to strew the ninth petal of every tenth rose under the feet of him who murmured at some little inn of dreams 'I want to sail to Girlie Land.'" She made a spring-cleaning noise in her throat.

. . . . . .

A year had gone by, and the Poetess wore a spring-coloured gown, hung from a dreary yoke of embroidered acorns. The Poet possessed a cigar and a double chin.

"We have been very wonderful," she was saying, "and we have also been very mysterious. You have made gold from the brain. Mystery. I have made gold from the brain. More mystery. We were secret—we are still secret. Money comes to us in a splendid tide, and we do not question each other."

"My art," said the Poet, "lives beyond all stars, and the moon is a ladder of silver for its white feet. The very gramophone has ceased to worry me—I even like to hear it. It is an angry bee before the closed portals of a yellow rose. My art is that rose. The gramophone shall never kneel at its feasting place of sweets. You are a very wonderful woman, and I am a very wonderful man. Let us listen to the gramophone."

Every Bertie wants a Gertie
Strolling on the pier;
Someone to hug in the twilight,
Snuggle to under the skylight;
If chairs are dirty, don't get shirty,
She must use your knee!
And it's "Say! stay—don't break away
When you're down by the silvery sea."

"That," said the Poet, with an accent on the first word, "that ought to be popular. It is better than the average song."

The Poetess shuddered. "It is the rough blossom of a coarsened mind."

"I disagree absolutely," and the Poet flushed; "the chorus has a pleasing quality. There is a sea ripple in the words."

"If we are to have——" started the Poetess.

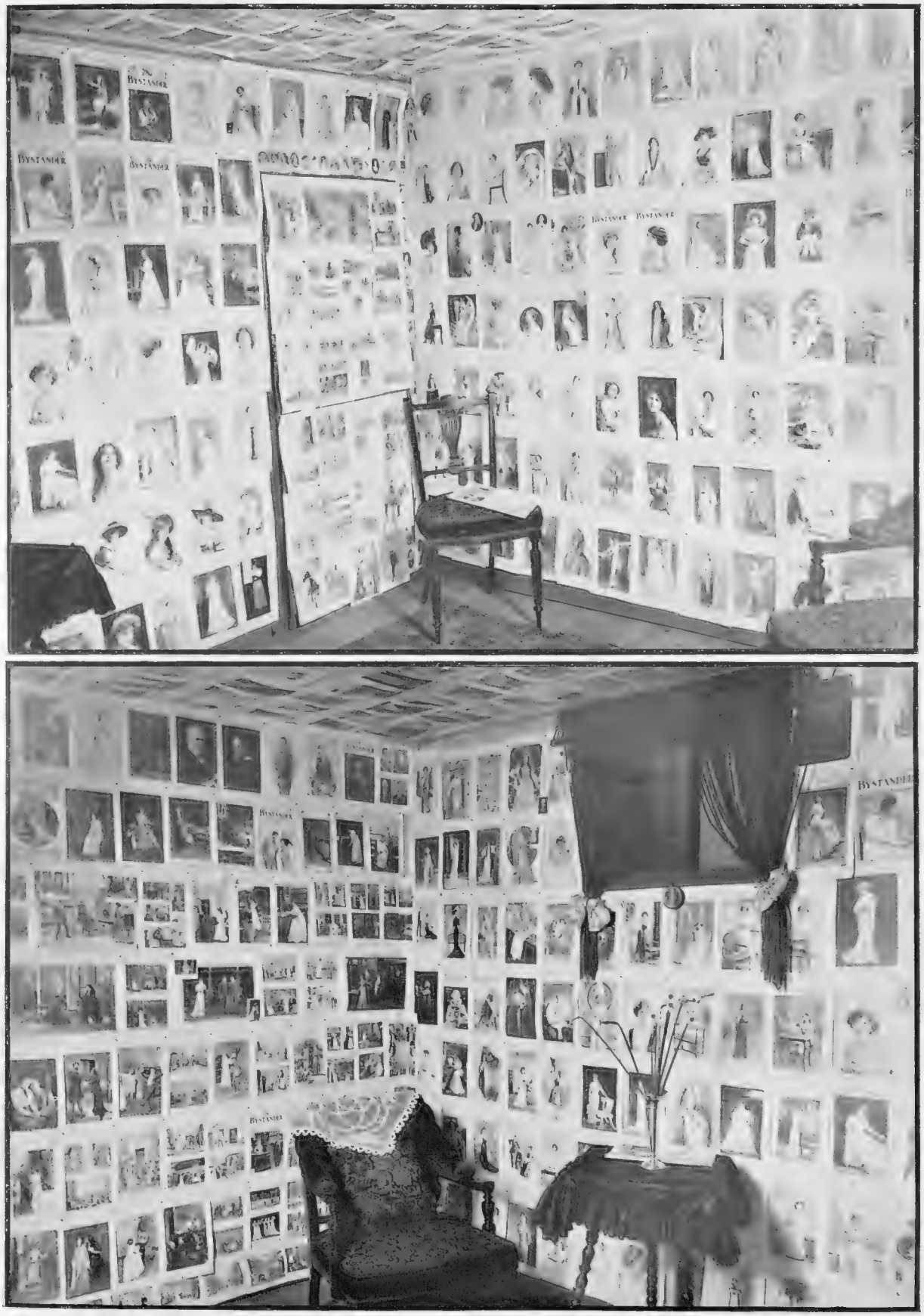
The gramophone began again, and a faint red stole up her withered neck.

Tell Mama I'm out with Father,
Say I don't require a key;
I'm going to show him everything I know—
What I don't know he'll show me.
If she wants me on the 'phone, boys,
There's just one place to call:
She can ring up Little Willy, at the Circus,
Piccadilly:
I'm with Dad—that's all!

(*Continued on page 34*)

"The Bystander" as a Wall-paper!

A CONSTANT READER SUBJECTS US TO A NEW USE



Mrs. Gladys G. Fennell, a lady reader of "The Bystander," has carried her enthusiasm for this journal so far that she has actually papered four walls and ceiling of one of her rooms with pages taken from various issues. The result, as shown in the above photographs forms a remarkable gallery of topical portraiture and sporting pictures of all kinds. Until Mrs. Fennell sent us these photographs, we had no idea that we had published such a number of delightful pictures. She is to be congratulated on her tasteful arrangement of the same

(*Continued from page 32*)

"How delightfully young," murmured the Poetess; "how alluringly vicious. I scent the midnight life of London as though it were a flower."

The Poet gave a theatrical shudder.

"Common," he said; "common as the brown mud on a gray March day. The other song took my fancy."

He threw his head back and half closed his eyes.

"Every Bertie wants a Gertie," he began, and repeated the chorus at full length.

"How did you know it off by heart?" demanded the Poetess. "How can you soil the softening coral of your lips with such a thing?"

The Poet went white—red, and finally retained a healthy pink.

"I wrote it," he stammered. "I've been writing things like that all the year."

The Poetess stood up with a gaping placket. "My heart is torn from me. I am broken on an ivory wheel of terrible moments. I am not dead, but I think you have killed everything in me that was beautiful. My rose of delight is a withered thing." She walked towards the door.

The colour in the Poet's face became fitful. "Don't think less of me. I did it for a golden tide."

"At my feet," and the Poetess pointed down, "is a river of blood, and the ghost of my happiness is sailing by on a dead yesterday."

. . . . . .

Someone was singing. The Poet slipped softly from his chair and opened the door.

Tell Mama I'm out with Father,
Say I don't require a key—

trilled the voice. He drew in a sudden breath and walked hurriedly down the hall. In the drawing-room lay the Poetess, beating a dead daffodil against one hand. Her voice trailed away into silence.

"What is it, oh, killer of every dream?"

The Poet gave a fat, healthy laugh.

"What is the next line," he asked; "before the Piccadilly and Little Willy bit?"

The Poetess turned with a sudden sob towards the wall.

"It was for a golden tide I fell from grace. I, too, have been doing it in secret all the year. Is there a river of blood at your feet?"

The Poet stared down at the Axminster.

"We are very wonderful," he said slowly; "more wonderful than the nothing which lies behind the world. It is an age of swine, and we have withheld our pearls. We have fed them upon husks. 'Every Bertie wants a Gertie'—'Tell Mama I'm out with Father'——"

The Poetess launched herself at him from the harbour of cushions.

"To-night," she murmured, "to-night we will be even more wonderful, for we will make a fire of rose leaves, and we will burn our manuscripts in a flame of yellow and silver."

"Not 'Tell Mama' and 'Every Bertie,'" said the Poet anxiously. "Remember the golden tide."

"Not those, my flower—the others——"

And the Poetess dabbed for one tear and caught it.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

A PICTURESQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT

The eldest son of the King of Italy, Prince Humbert, who is now in his eleventh year, and is, as the photograph shows, a fine specimen of boyhood

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when other drinks seem flat and insipid—the cool, fresh flavour of "C & C" Ginger Ale will revive and invigorate you.

The most delicious of all summer drinks—clear and sparkling—it will add to your enjoyment wherever you may be. It is pure and wholesome, and besides gratifying your palate will help to keep you "fit." Ask for, and insist on having

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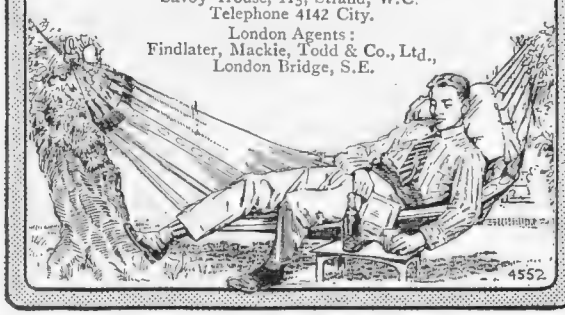

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gives immediate relief, and a few more at intervals, a complete cure. The treatment with these salts is perfectly harmless, simple, and enjoyable, makes no severe restrictions on your diet or habits, and has been highly recommended by the medical faculty. If you have NEVER tried Anturic Baths send a postcard, saying you would like to do so, and a trial tin will be forwarded free of charge.

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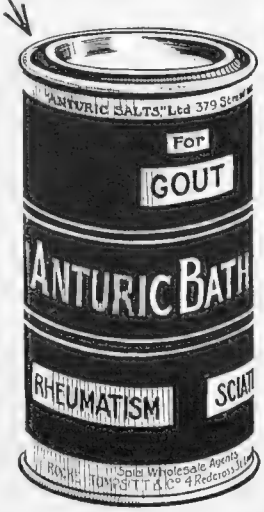

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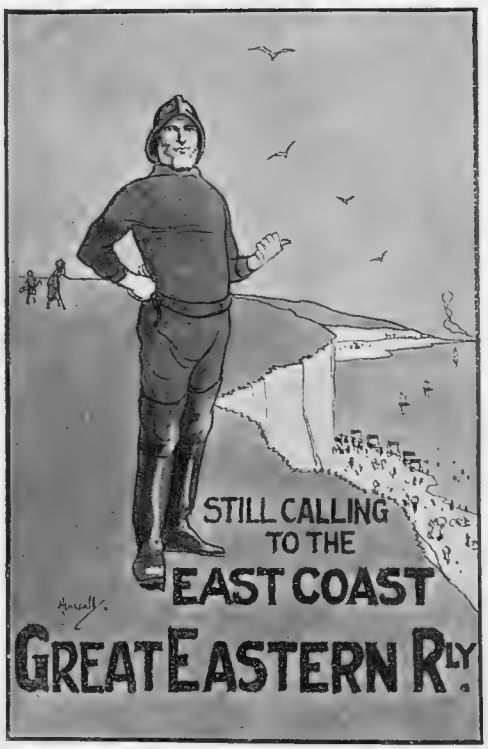

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Greyness, Baldness, Falling Hair, Lustreless Hair, Scurf Deposits, Dull Hair, Greasy Hair, Dry, Brittle Hair, Discoloured Hair, Dandruff Dust,

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All Scurf and Dandruff deposits will have disappeared from your scalp, nor will they form again whilst you continue practising "Hair-Drill."

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I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to cover the cost of postage on package to my address. Please send the Outfit to—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

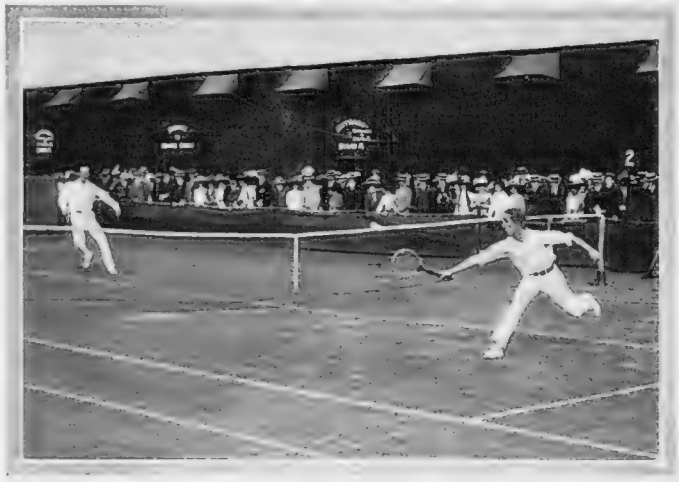
THE BYSTANDER, July 5, 1911.

Photograph **A Sparkling International Bout: Decugis and Gobert (France) v. Rahe and Kleinschroth (Germany)** [*Sport and General*
This match in the Doubles Championship at Wimbledon last Friday produced one of the finest exhibitions of double play ever witnessed on the centre court. The French pair won by three sets—all of them as close as could be—to *nil*

The Season of Surprises

CURIOUS RESULTS IN THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

I HAVE already, in a former issue, described this season as a season of surprises. At the Championship Meeting last week it fully maintained its reputation, and several of the results served to emphasise the fact that nowadays it only needs a little something to go wrong somewhere for a first-class player to be beaten by one just outside the very top class. The defeat of Doust, the Australian, by Pritchett was, perhaps, the best illustration of this, and the explanation may be given in two words — steel points. Doust is in the habit of wearing steel points whenever the court is at all soft, but at Wimbledon steel points are barred unless the executive give special permission to use them. They were barred on this particular occasion, and Doust, whose forte is quick footwork, was, in consequence, not quite at home on a court which, though not actually slippery, was by no means bone dry.



Photograph *Trim*
A Desperate Struggle: F. W. Rahe v. T. D. Stoward
The Englishman, a fine, natural player, whose public appearances are somewhat rare, very nearly brought about the downfall of the brilliant young German in the third round

The defeat of Gobert by Gore comes in a different category. Here were two first-class players, but of widely different types, the Englishman an old campaigner and an ex-champion, twice the age of the young Frenchman, whose "arrival" in the first flight dates from only a few months ago. Gobert was expected to win if he could play the irresistible game which won him the Covered Court Championship; but he couldn't, or, at any rate, didn't. Almost from the start he seemed mistrustful of his power, hung back when he ought to have gone up, and patted when he ought to have hit, so that Gore, who was driving very hard and well soon had him beaten. It really looked as if Gobert was overawed by his rival's past history.

Another remarkable encounter was that between Rahe and Stoward. Stoward is a player who seldom appears in public, and is much stronger than people think. He has all the strokes and all the knowledge of the first-class player, and it was only by a mighty effort in the fifth set that the young German crack finally got the better of him. In fact, up to the time of writing, poor old England has done remarkably well all along the line.

"Lillywhite" Specialities

Despite the drawback of having their premises totally eclipsed by a hoarding (the outcome of structural alterations) and of having had to provide a temporary entrance to them, Messrs. James Lillywhite, Frowd and Co., the well-known sports outfitters in the Haymarket, have never had a busier summer than this. Their lawn tennis ball compares favourably, both as regards quality and price, with any other make of ball on the market, and is gaining in popularity with expert players every day. The same may be said of their "Endymion" racket, which is a most desirable weapon.

RACING NOTIONS

WHICH IS THE BEST HORSE OF THE YEAR? BY CARBINE

Swynford or Lemberg

Which is the best horse in training? You will have some difficulty in answering the question offhand. Until last week you would probably have selected Lemberg, but the extraordinary ease with which Swynford beat him at Newmarket upsets all our ideas in this direction. Danny Maher, the jockey, must have been delighted to see Swynford vindicate the St. Leger running, for the general opinion is that he threw away the race at Doncaster on Lemberg by some exceedingly injudicious riding. It is at least significant that this jockey has not ridden the horse again. Swynford's triumph last week seems to suggest that Maher was not so much to blame for losing at Doncaster as some people have suggested. Excuses are now being made for Lemberg's recent failure. His apologists declare that the horse was temporarily off colour, and others urge that 10st. 6lb. is too much weight to ask him to carry. Well, we shall have to leave this exceedingly fascinating problem to the Sandown meeting of July 14, when the crack colts can renew their rivalry in the Eclipse Stakes.

Eclipse Stakes Prospects

I heartily congratulate the Sandown people upon having such an attraction to offer us. The meeting of Lemberg and Swynford will alone be sufficient to take an extremely big crowd to the popular Esher fixture next week, and I shall not be surprised to see public opinion pretty evenly divided as to the merits of the pair. You see, the race is run over a shorter distance than that at Newmarket last week, and it is difficult to say which of the two will be more favoured by the course. Personally, I am inclined to give Lemberg another chance. Of course, when we are talking of the best horses in training we must not overlook the three-year-olds. If Sunstar can get thoroughly sound again he may prove himself to be better than either Swynford or Lemberg, while Hornet's Beauty has also to be reckoned with.

Selections

One of the pleasant old-fashioned meetings is that of the Bibury Club at Salisbury, where some fair sport is promised this week. On Wednesday Mr. George Edwardes may carry off the Bibury Cup with **Jordan** or **Anchora**, both having been entered by him. For the Bibury Stakes the **Chimera gelding** is my selection, and I suppose that smart colt, **Jingling Geordie**, will win the Hurstbourne Stakes for Mr. James Buchanan. On the following day I look to **Phaleron** to win the Alington Plate, while at Lingfield on Friday **Prince San** should secure the Lingfield Park Stakes. At the same meeting on Saturday the **Doris colt** ought to win the Great Foal Plate, and at Haydock Park on the same afternoon the Old Newton Cup may fall to **King's Champion**.

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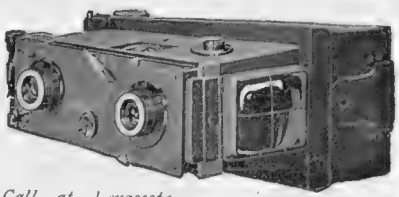

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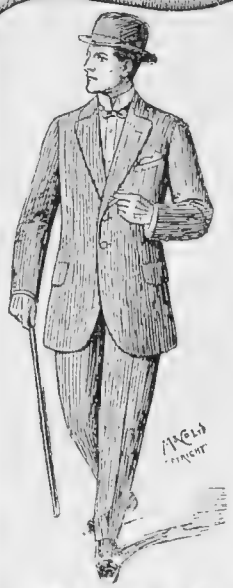

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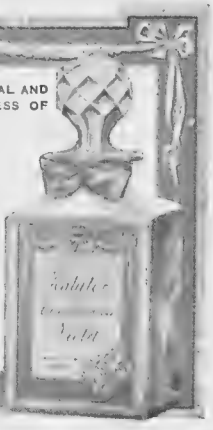

For the Fifth Time of Asking

HARRY VARDON'S FINE WIN IN THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Before I write anything about the thrilling Championship which has just concluded at Sandwich, I crave indulgence while I refer to two passages in former articles of mine. In The Bystander of June 27, 1906, dealing with the Open Championship of that year, I wrote: "Harry Vardon might well have won this year if he had not lost all confidence in his short putts. . . . One of these fine days he will find a ball or club which will restore the old confidence, and then the Vardon of old days will make his triumphant reappearance. Confidence in putting is all that he lacks at present, for the rest of his game is just as perfect as it ever was." On July 3, 1907, commenting on prominent players in the Championship of that year, I said: "Harry Vardon disappointed me in the matter of putting, the short ones still causing him horrid tremors. But his 74 in the third round shows that, when his putting comes off, he is still the finest player living. He has now tried every imaginable putter. . . . But I adhere to my statement of last year. *When Harry Vardon regains confidence in short putting or gets a putter which inspires him with confidence, then he will beat all comers once more.*" Speculating in The Bystander of June 7 last I said, speaking of Taylor and Vardon: "Both men, though the one won his first Championship so far back as 1894 and the other in 1896, are still in the very front rank, and as likely as any other competitors to score a fresh success. *Vardon, in particular, has shown lately at Banstead Downs and Bramshot that his putting has come back to him;* while his form in the rest of the game is as brilliant as ever."

Vardon Playing Out of the "Rough"

By winning the Open Championship (after a tie with Massy, the French crack) on Friday last, Harry Vardon equalled James Braid's record of five wins in this event

How Vardon Won

If any of my readers, basing their confidence in me as a prophet on these passages I have quoted, had got a "nice little bit" on Harry Vardon at starting prices, as the tipsters say, he would have had deliriously exciting days last Thursday and Friday, but he would have landed a handsome stake plus the pleasure of watching the game played by a supreme master in a winning vein. Having now sufficiently patted myself on the back, for which I must be pardoned, as golfing prophecy is such a hazardous trade, I will now get to business. Ever since 1904, the first year in which I described a Championship for this paper, I have always made it a practice to watch Vardon's first round in order to see whether his putting had come back to him. I have generally been able to estimate his chances in the first few holes. Pursuant to this habit, I devoted my attention to Harry Vardon when he started his first round on the Tuesday morning, and when he had safely negotiated several of the little "black beast" putts which used to beat him I came to the conclusion that, bar accidents, he would win, an impression much strengthened when he had finished his second round and had done each round in 74, placing him with Taylor and Ray on the 148 mark, with only the erratic genius Duncan ahead of them with 144. Vardon now stands for short putts with his feet close together, making a sort of V, and keeping his ball pretty close to him he stabs it into the hole with a wooden putter. In all his rounds, of which I watched as much as possible, I only saw him use a cleek putter once, and that was at the ninth hole in the morning round of the play-off of the tie with Massy on Friday. During that struggle I saw him occasionally alter his stance by separating his feet more widely, but for the most part he stood as I have described. His long putting is done in excellent style. It is only for the short ones that he uses what I can only describe properly as a "stab." He has evidently found this the only method of dealing with his difficulty, and it certainly carried him through all his critical moments, and only let him down very few times throughout the four rounds of the Championship and the two rounds of the tie. In the rest of the game he was easily, in point of length, ease, grace, and accuracy, the master of any other player. He showed this decisively on Friday, when he really "lost" that great player Massy, who told me himself when the match was over that he considered no man living could have stood up to Harry Vardon that day. I congratulate Vardon most warmly on his great feat of equalling Braid's record of five wins in the Championship. Long may he flourish to win many more, for a more charming and unassuming player never handled club.

Ernest Lehmann.

(To be continued)

A Holiday in Scotland

EDINBURGH—From Calton Hill.

ABERDEEN.

EDINBURGH is a splendid headquarters for a holiday in Scotland. Many delightful excursions can be enjoyed to the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Stirling, etc. The Clyde steamers starting from Craigendoran Pier also afford many day excursions amid the beautiful scenery of the Clyde.

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LOCH LOMOND is the finest lake in the kingdom. It is twenty-nine miles long and five miles wide at the widest part. The scenery on both sides is magnificent.

FORT WILLIAM FOR BEN NEVIS. *Photos by Photochrom Co.*

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FORT WILLIAM is the centre for the romantic district so closely associated with Bonnie Prince Charlie. Ben Nevis behind the town is the highest mountain in the kingdom. Steamers provide pleasant trips to Oban, Inverness, and Fort Augustus.

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The Light Car Race at Boulogne: Photograph Taken Just Before the Start

The Light Car Race held at Boulogne last week was a complete success, and highly satisfactory so far as Great Britain was concerned. The reliability and regularity of the Arrol-Johnstons in particular were demonstrated by this race

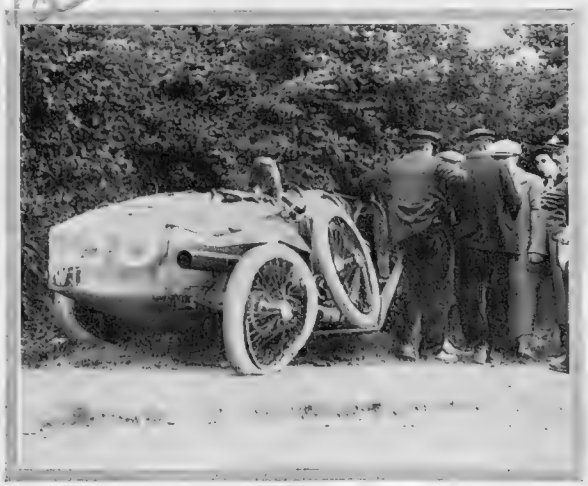
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

A Plethora of Sport

The veriest glutton for petrol-engine sport will hardly have found cause for dissatisfaction in the programme of the past and present weeks. The Light Car Race over the Boulogne Circuit organised by *L'Auto;* the European Aviation Circuit; the Gordon Bennet Cup Competition over the grounds of the Royal Aero Club at Eastchurch; the Tourist Trophy contests for motor-cycles in the Isle of Man; the Stock Car Race at Brooklands; the Prince Henry Anglo-German Tour—here are a few of the biggest events to be named, and, as opportunity offers, to be dealt with. I am, I grant, vastly more concerned with these in their immediate aspect as sport than in their ultimate aspects as factors in the evolution of the car or the aeroplane, because (and here, I fear, I come into violent conflict with the conventional view), although I do not deny the influence of competitions in the process of machine perfection, I do not believe it is a very material influence. By which I mean that, sport apart, the machine would have been brought to pretty much its present position by the force of competition for the market on the one hand and the lessons of every-day experience on the other. The race has rather emphasised tendencies already marked than initiated the tendencies themselves.

The Stock Car Race

For that reason I am, as I say, more interested in the contests themselves than in their alleged lessons. It may be that in the Stock Car Race under R.A.C. auspices at Brooklands recently certain weaknesses in the lubricational systems of some cars were discovered, but is it not also the fact that in other cars relying upon the same system those weaknesses were not apparent? If so, the "lesson" is not too obvious. To me the running of the cars and the final victory of the Star from the Singer, with the second Star car in the third position, was all. The game's the primary thing to the outsider, although to the trade competitor the advertisement of success is first. And after the game there is the demonstration of power and engine efficiency of little "fifteen-point-nines"—not the lessons to be derived from 277 miles of track racing by "fifteen-point-nines," but the wonderful results that have been achieved upon them. The Stars, for example, did an average of 56.24m.p.h. and 55.68m.p.h. for the whole distance. The Singer finished second at 55.83m.p.h. So that it will be observed British vehicles took all the plums. Those inseparable stable-companions and splendid machines, the Gladiator and the Vinot, did 54.82m.p.h. and 53.24m.p.h. respectively, and occupied fourth



A Run on Yet Another Bank

Zuccarelli, winner of last year's Coupe des Voiturettes, failed to complete a single lap in last week's Light Car Race at Boulogne owing to an unfortunate accident at a corner. His Peugeot III. ran into the bank and was overturned. Our photograph is of the wrecked car

and sixth positions, being separated by the sturdy little Armstrong-Whitworth, which averaged 53.42. I place all these performances, from the utility point of view, in brackets. They were all great performances, and only the greater because they were made on strictly stock chassis—the same chassis in exact counterpart that the motorist may purchase from the manufacturers any day.

The Boulogne Circuit

In that regard, at any rate, the Stock Car Race ranks higher than the Light Car Race, which filled Boulogne a week ago with the camp followers of the automobile, and (incidentally) sent up the cost of living in that not very distinguished town to famine prices. There we had a better measure of power than the R.A.C. formulæ provides, because, however the makers varied their bores and strokes, cylindrical capacity remained constant. Whatever they could do with three litres they might. With the R.A.C. formulæ only bore counts, and stroke may be as long as the proverbial wet Sunday. Which, as brother Euclid would have pertinently observed, is absurd, although not more absurd, perhaps, than the official discouragement (expressed or implied) of the steam-car in all forms of competition. However, in the case of the Light Car Race there was no standard chassis condition, with the result that several team entrants, like the Delage, the Peugeot, and the Gregoire, made special vehicles, and a large number of the competitors mounted freak fitments very widely divorced from the accessories to be found upon the common or highway vehicle bearing the same maker's name.

British Successes

Bablot, on a Delage, and Boillot, on a Lion Peugeot, fought out a tremendous duel the whole way, with the latter leading for five circuits, but losing a minute or two with tyre trouble in the sixth and seventh laps, and being headed therefrom by the Delage to the finish. It was a great day for the Delage, which took first, third, and fourth positions with the Gregoire fifth; then the first British car, a Calthorpe, driven by Burgess, two Arrol-Johnstons, another Gregoire, a two-stroke Cote, followed by the third of the Arrol-Johnston team. The winner's time, was 7hr. 2min. 41sec., and the first British cars were no more than 37min. later. So that, on the whole, we have small cause for regret, particularly as the Arrol-Johnston team, carefully nursed and splendidly driven, will doubtless secure the prize for regularity of running—and well deserve it. It was roughest of luck that put out the Vauxhall (big end), the Sunbeam (a bad skid), and Russell-Fletcher's Calthorpe (a broken petrol-pipe), because all of them were running in a way to encourage the highest hopes of the British contingent. However, the Calthorpe can claim second fastest lap, and can take the Dunlop Cup for first past the post, and if the Arrol-Johnstons take the regularity prize we can regard ourselves as having come out of the competition with high honours, particularly as of the thirty starters only thirteen finished, of which four were British. Moreover, all the first four relied upon British Rudge-Whitworth detachable wheels, the fifth was on British Riley wire wheels, and the Arrol-Johnstons were using British Sankey wheels. Michelins also scored heavily, the first five to finish using these tyres.

The Royal Progress: Procession Passing Messrs. Hampton's in Pall Mall

Wherefrom a large and distinguished gathering of guests enjoyed a splendid view, and were entertained in most agreeable fashion by the principals of the famous firm

The delights of touring

are derived not only from passing through interesting old English towns, such as Ludlow, but also from the running of your car. Of all tyres designed for touring cars the

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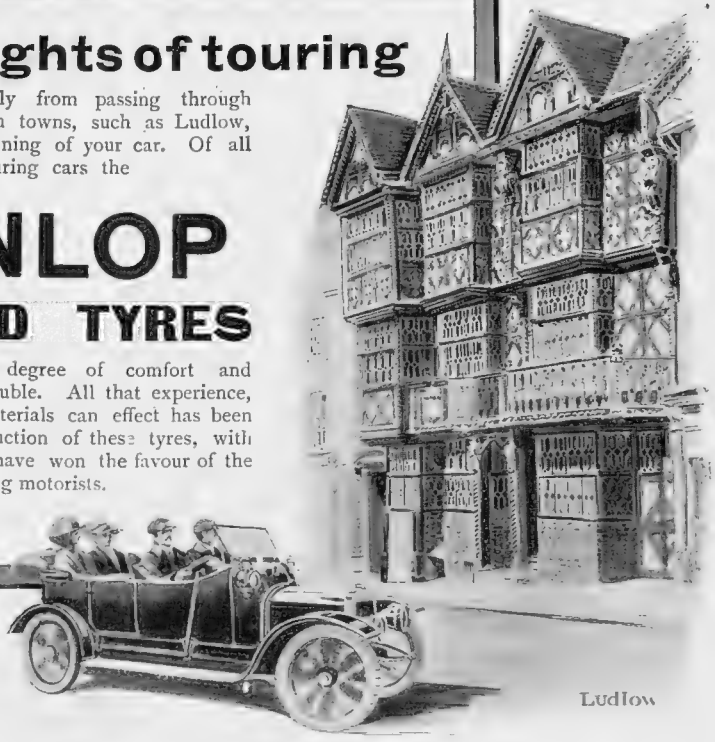

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The enormous waste of power is due to friction between the interwoven threads and the several layers of canvas. This friction produces heat, which in time destroys a tyre.

There is no internal friction in a Palmer Cord Tyre, all the threads run in the same direction, and every thread is coated with rubber. The absence of internal friction makes it run cool. A cool-running tyre is an efficient tyre, an efficient tyre is a fast tyre, and the fastest tyre is the Palmer Cord Tyre.

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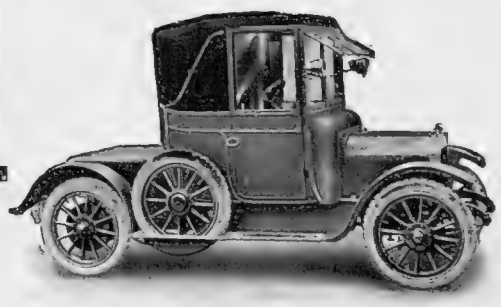

F.H.G.

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE sublime influence engendered by the Coronation festivities will have sunk into the customary commonplace excitement of the sales when these words appear in print, although, judging from my own observation, I should say that the percentage of people who a few years back grew hysterical at the advent of these clearances is quite halved.

Whether familiarity has bred contempt, or whatever the cause, the fact remains that a very large majority now view the bi-annual bargain moments with calm serenity. Doubtless the frequent "occasions" indulged in by some of our leading West-End establishments has helped in a measure to blunt the edge of excitement, the "occasion"—I borrow the Parisian appellation without shame—usually comprising some special purchase secured advantageously and retailed at a very small margin of profit.

The "occasion" has a particular attraction for me, especially when it has to do with lace, *lingerie*, and blouses, while more than once recently have I chanced upon such bargains in tailor-mades and evening gowns as almost to bring forth the vow that never again would it be necessary to trouble the smaller *modiste*, anyway. But this sort of resolve has a way of evaporating once the direct incentive is passed.

Attractive Mingling of Foulard, Net, and Filet Lace

A purchase that may still be justifiably indulged in by those in the social swim is a smart little garden-party or fête gown. Women who have to administer an allowance with skill doubtless perceive a future service in such a possession at some representative watering-place, where fine clothes are an obsession. The dainty and original model pictured is fashioned of blue and white spot *foulard*, veiled white net, ornamented with the ubiquitous *filet* lace. The under-dress is of soft blue satin, which again occurs in slight touches on the sleeve and in the waist-belt. Shady hat of natural Tagal, trimmed with a *piquet* of *mousseline* flowers.

A Smart Garden-Party or Fête Gown
It is fashioned of blue and white spot *foulard*, veiled white net, ornamented with *filet* lace

(SKETCHED BY V. C. AYRES)

A Reflection on Coronation Dress

Recalling the many exquisite gowns designed and executed by Paquin for ladies attending the Coronation service in the Abbey, almost one feels it is impossible that these creations should be allowed merely to bloom once—like some strange tropical plant. The constant recurrence of the words "stomacher and petticoat" suggest an entirely fresh aspect, and one, moreover, that could not fail to be heartily welcomed after the insistent classical silhouette. For Lady Wolverton Paquin arranged a draped petticoat and stomacher of rare and lovely application lace, while Viscountess Torrington selected a stomacher and petticoat of old Venise lace, embroidered in fine pearls and floss silk. Quite singularly beautiful was the costume of *drap d'or* worn by Countess Benckendorff,

THE
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No. 396.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, July 5, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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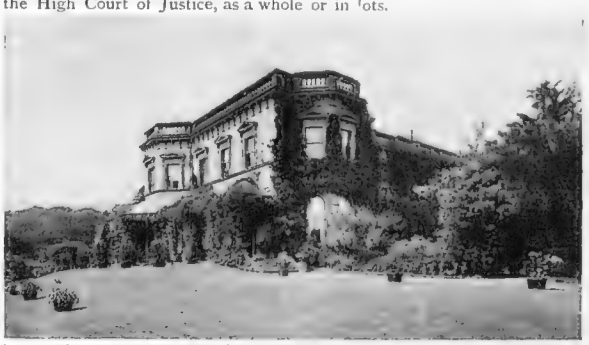

It comprises a substantially built MANSION, containing: lounge hall, billiard room, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms, together with large stabling and outbuildings, very attractive pleasure grounds, parkland, arable and pasture-lands, farmhouse buildings and cottages, etc., the whole extending to about
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WITHIN 3 MILES OF AN EXPRESS STOPPING STATION.
ONE OF THE BEST SPORTING ESTATES OF ITS SIZE IN THE MARKET, WITH A FINE OLD MANOPIAL RESIDENCE, FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

THIS VERY HIGHLY FAVOURED PROPERTY lies in a ring fence, is traversed by good public roads, and comprises an area of about 1,500 ACRES. It includes a fine stone-built Manor House, with all the usual appurtenances; a number of well-proportioned farms, some desirable accommodation holdings, and various cottages and gardens, the whole combining to make an admirable self-contained estate. ITS RESIDENTIAL QUALIFICATIONS ARE OF A HIGH ORDER, lying as it does in an excellent social district, and possessing a Residence of first-class county rank. THE AGRICULTURAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PROPERTY ARE OF THE SOUNDEST DESCRIPTION, while the SPORTING ADVANTAGES ARE without question SUPERLATIVELY GOOD. THE WHOLE OF THE LANDS ARE BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED, and the superb woods and plantations, which include some historic landmarks, are well watered, and occupy splendid positions for the rearing and retention of an almost unlimited head of pheasants, the property at the same time being famed for its bags of partridges and woodcock. CAPITAL TROUT FISHING is provided by a stream bounding the estate for a considerable distance. HUNTING with foxhounds, otter hounds, and harriers. Golf links near. The estate carries with it a VALUABLE ADVOWSON and 3 MANORS.—Particulars of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Personally inspected.

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.
ONLY 37⅛ MILES FROM LONDON.

THE ABOVE CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE near splendid gold links, to be SOLD at a moderate price, or would be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished. 2 miles from station, and commanding magnificent views; replete with modern comforts and conveniences; 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, lounge hall, ample offices with servants' hall; tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens; approached by private road, and immune from motor-dust nuisance.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,003)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS
FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

MIDDLESEX AND HERTS BORDERS.—Beautifully situated on a Southern slope, 400ft. above sea level; magnificent views, extending to the Surrey Hills. Well-built FAMILY RESIDENCE for SALE at a moderate price, with 8 or 19 acres. It contains: 9 bedrooms (extra bedrooms easily added), bathroom (h. and c.), suite of large and lofty reception rooms, billiard room, lounge hall, and offices; stabling for 4, good cottage for coachman; well-timbered, inexpensive grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; a mile from 2 stations. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,270)

NEW FOREST (on an extensive open heath, 200ft. above the sea, 4 miles distant).—A charming little PROPERTY of about 15 acres TO BE SOLD. The old-fashioned modernised Residence as above, contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 3, coach-house, motor-house, saddle room, etc.; delightful grounds, including tennis lawn, rose garden, vegetable garden, and about 13 acres of grass. Price, £3,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,273)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.

IDEAL HYGIENIC AND ARTISTIC HOME, nearly 800ft. above sea, with one of the finest panoramic views in the kingdom.—UNIQUE RESIDENCE on a small scale, but easily added to: oak-panelled sitting hall, living-room and inglenooks, 4 bedrooms, large gymnasium with marble bath; BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS of 2 ACRES, enclosed lawn, well-laid-out secluded grounds with pools, fountains, swimming bath, ornamental lawns, arbours and pergola, well-stocked kitchen and fruit gardens. A PERFECT SUN-TRAP, with pure air, and immune from noise and dust; 12 miles from station, 19 miles from London. To be SOLD at SACRIFICIAL PRICE, owner leaving England.—Full particulars and illustrated booklet of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,184)

SUSSEX. BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT. ABOUT 1 HOUR BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, an unusually choice ESTATE, approaching 1,000 ACRES in extent, and including a handsome Tudor style Residence, standing high, amidst lovely matured grounds and well-timbered park. Contains: fine suite of reception rooms, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, and offices; good stabling and outbuildings; excellent water supply, modern drainage; lighted by gas. The estate is well wooded, and affords capital shooting; hunting with 2 packs. The Mansion would be SOLD with less land, or LET, Unfurnished, if required.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,659)

HAYES, MIDDLESEX (on the outskirts of a quaint "old-world" village in a perfectly rural situation, 12 miles West of London, 1¼ miles from Hayes Station (G.W.R.), and under 10 minutes' walk from the Tram Route from Shepherd's Bush to Uxbridge).—The valuable FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE in the Tudor style (illustrated above),

"BARRA HALL," HAYES,

approached by carriage drive and containing: lofty hall with gallery, 4 spacious reception rooms, full-sized billiard room and conservatory, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices; detached stabling, motor-house; large cottage for chauffeur; farmery; grandly timbered pleasure grounds, old lawns, productive kitchen garden, glasshouses, and miniature park, in all NEARLY 12 ACRES; gas and main drainage; electric light if desired. Possession on completion.

MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE

(by order of Executors) will OFFER the above, by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, JULY 11, 1911, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars, views, and plan of Messrs. BAILEYS, SHAW and GILLETT, Solicitors, 5, Berners Street, W., and of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, MOUNT STREET, W.

HANTS (SOUTH).

£1,200 WILL PURCHASE the FREEHOLD of a very desirable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 9 ACRES, including an OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE. The latter occupies a healthy situation on gravel soil, and commands lovely views. It contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 4 and coach-house; pretty garden with 2 lawns; 8 acres of meadow-land; golf links 2 miles distant; hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,869)

YORKSHIRE AND LANCS. (borders).—Valuable SPORTING and RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of over 1,000 ACRES, affording good all-round shooting, including grouse, together with excellent trout fishing. FOR SALE AT A REDUCED PRICE, TO SHOW ABOUT 4 PER CENT.; medium-sized Mansion; good farms and buildings, all let; within easy reach of great northern industrial centres.—Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,841)

600 FT. ABOVE SEA, on the Surrey Hills, and commanding extensive views.—To be SOLD, Freehold, the above attractive gabled RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and ground-floor domestic offices; matured garden with terraces, well-laid tennis lawn and kitchen garden; Company's water and gas laid on. Electric light if desired. Close to golf links, and hunting with two packs; 10 minutes from station, and about 40 minutes' run from the City and West End.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,670)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

Telephones:
1505 MAYFAIR.
3645 GERRARD.

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegrams:
"WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

TO CITY MEN AND OTHERS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY (45 minutes from City).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice and valuable

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 178 ACRES.

With the above handsome mansion, containing: 5 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathrooms; good stabling for 11 horses. 3 FARMSTEADS. 7 COTTAGES. A LOW PRICE WILL NOW BE ACCEPTED, or the estate would be divided.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE SIR RICHARD WYATT.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT.—To be SOLD, the above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ENTRANCE LODGE, stabling, several glasshouses.

LOVELY OLD, WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 3½ ACRES,

in a convenient position, with SEA VIEWS.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHOOTING AND FISHING RIGHTS OVER 60,000 ACRES.

NEW FOREST (facing an open heath, and surrounded by the Forest).—To be SOLD, a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, added to and modernised, and now in excellent order throughout: 7 bedrooms, 4 reception, lounge hall, bath (h. and c.), etc. OLD OAK BEAMS AND PILLARS. Stabling 3, coach and motor-houses, good outbuildings. EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY GARDENS AND GROUNDS of 2¼ acres, including tennis lawn, flower, kitchen, and rose gardens, and 13 ACRES meadow-land. Forest rights £20 per annum. PRICE, £3,000, WITH 15½ ACRES.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,081)

40 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

AN OPPORTUNITY OF ACQUIRING

A REALLY UNIQUE PROPERTY, occupying a charming situation 620ft. above the sea level. COMMANDING PRETTY COUNTRY VIEWS. TO BE SOLD, an exceptionally well-fitted and decorated RESIDENCE: 5 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2; groom's room. EXCEPTIONALLY NICE GROUNDS OF 3¼ ACRES, full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen and flower gardens, paddock, and 2 orchards; electric light; every convenience.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RURAL SITUATION (within 1½ miles Leatherhead Station).—This charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE to LET for about 2 months: 9 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall; picturesque gardens, tennis and croquet lawns; stabling, etc.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,578)

HUNTING SEASON, 1911-12.

MEYNELL (centre of).—Beautifully appointed GEORGIAN MANSION, on gravel soil: 23 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms, large hall; extensive stables; picturesque old grounds; electric light, etc. Rent, 15gns. per week. (F 6,571)

V.W.H., etc.—Extremely comfortable RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea: 13 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall; stabling 10. Inspected and strongly recommended. (F 2,321)

WHADDON CHASE (centre of).—Beautifully furnished HOUSE: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 12, etc. (F 6,688)

BICESTER AND GRAFTON (first-class hunting centre).—Excellent up-to-date HUNTING-BOX: 19 bed, 3 bath, 5 reception rooms; electric light; stabling 20; 3 cottages. (F 6,098)

MID-SUSSEX (15 miles from Brighton).—To be SOLD, a comfortable, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern requirements, and standing in lovely old grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 8, coach and motor-house, men's room, lodge. The shady old-world gardens and grounds include tennis court, productive kitchen garden, and 2 or 3 enclosures of meadow-land, in all about 12 ACRES.—Box K 4,374, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

MILVERTON LAWN (1 hour 35 minutes from London).—A gentleman's very attractive RESIDENCE, built by Hubert Lloyd, Esq., at a cost of £18,000, comprises: noble hall with marble staircase, music saloon, and billiard rooms, etc.; extensive stabling, garages, and grounds. The whole FREEHOLD to be SOLD at a third the original cost.—Illustrated particulars may be had from F. HIRSCHLER, 60, Parker St., London, W.C.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

HUNTING-BOX AT SOUTH KILWORTH (between Rugby and Market Harborough, 2½ miles from Welford Station (L. and N.W.), and 4 miles from Lutterworth Station (G.C.)

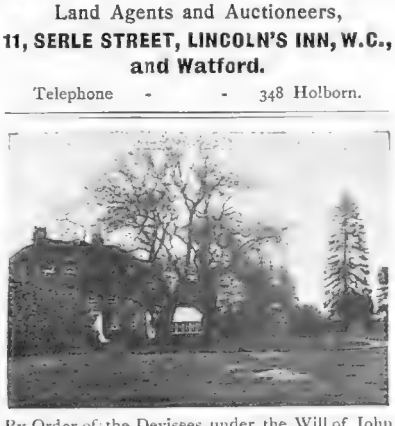
FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—An interesting and commodious old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with modern additions and improvements, containing: good hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c.'s, secondary staircase, excellent domestic offices with servants' hall; good cellar; stabling comprises 2 sets of 4 boxes, each of which could be divided into 2 stalls, making stabling for 16 if desired; coach-house, saddle room (with fireplace), and enclosed stableyard; excellent supply of water (examined and passed by local sanitary authority) by gravitation from high-level well in gravel bed; also soft water cistern and tank; gardens with croquet and tennis lawns; walled kitchen garden in high cultivation, well-stocked greenhouses, frames, etc.; about 40 acres of rich pasture-land is owned with the house (which it adjoins), and the whole or a portion thereof would be sold to the purchaser if desired; the House is now completely furnished, and, if desired, the furniture would be sold; particularly good situation for hunting; the Property is situated in the Pytchley Country, and within easy reach of the Atherstone and Mr. Fernie's Hounds; golf links at Lutterworth and Rugby.—For further particulars, permission to view, etc., apply, Messrs. WATSON and SON, Solicitors, Lutterworth; or to Messrs. STYLES and WHITLOCK, Auctioneers, Bank Street, Rugby.

MESSRS. HUMBERT AND FLINT,

Land Agents and Auctioneers,

11, SERLE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN, W.C., and Watford.

Telephone - - 348 Holborn.



By Order of the Devisees under the Will of John Peachey, Esq., deceased.

WEST SUSSEX.—The EBERNOE ESTATE, about 4 miles from Petworth, in a beautiful neighbourhood, within driving distance of Goodwood, and forming a most delightful

FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND GOOD SPORTING PROPERTY,

being situate in the very heart of Lord Leconfield's Hunt, and affording excellent Shooting. It comprises a charming

OLD-FASHIONED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,

delightfully placed, overlooking Ebernoe Common, and embracing all the accommodation necessary for a moderate establishment, together with

ORNAMENTAL LAKES.

SEVERAL FARMS, WOODLANDS, AND SMALL HOLDINGS,

extending in all to an area of about

1,000 ACRES,

in addition to which there will be included in the Sale the important

MANOR OF EBERNOE,

with all its rights and privileges, extending over an area of about 400 ACRES.

HUMBERT and FLINT are instructed to OFFER the above for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1911, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless in the meantime sold privately).

Particulars (when ready) may be had of JOHN PITFIELD, Esq., Solicitor, Petworth; MATTHEW TAYLOR, Esq., Land Agent, Fisher Street, Chiddingfold, Godalming; HUMBERT and FLINT, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 11, Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C., and Watford, Herts.

DORSET (near Broadstone golf links and junction).—To LET, for Summer months, handsomely Furnished HOUSE, facing South, standing high with beautiful views, including sea in the distance, approached by a carriage drive, completely away from motor dust: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling and coach-house.—Full particulars from Messrs. CHISLETT and RAWLENCE, Land Agents, Wimborne, Dorset.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, for a term of years, a desirable PROPERTY in the South of Scotland. Fine mansion-house, with fishing and shooting. Owner going abroad. Must let.—For particulars, photograph, etc., write Box 5,922, WILLINGS, 125, Strand, London, W.C.

THE ABOVE CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE to be LET, Furnished, for August and September (to LET, Unfurnished, in November); 7 minutes' walk from Woldingham Station; 37 minutes from London; over 500ft. above sea; South aspect; pretty wooded views: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), good kitchen and offices; motor-house; grounds 1 acre; tennis lawn. Rent 7 guineas per week to good tenant.—Apply, C. and F. RUTLEY, the Estate Office, Woldingham Station. Telephone: 24 Woldingham.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

"GLEBE HOUSE," BUNTINGFORD.
A BARGAIN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

In a beautiful part, 350ft. above sea level, about 1 hour from London, 3½ miles from station.

A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, hot and cold water throughout; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres. —Messrs. WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL, by AUCTION, on July 26 next, at the Mart, E.C. (unless previously disposed of). Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

BLACK AND WHITE FARMHOUSE,
and 60 acres of beautifully timbered parklands, etc.

£2,500, FREEHOLD.—Near Ashdown Forest. House can be restored; sandy soil; good water; 400ft. above sea level; superb views.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.
FINE OAK BEAMS.
PANELLING AND OPEN FIREPLACES.
GRAND POSITION, 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

FOR SALE, a singularly beautiful FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in one of the most lovely parts of the Home Counties, including a
GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, good offices, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; finely timbered grounds, lawns for tennis and croquet, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and park, in all 50 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

"GRASSLAWN," NEAR EXETER.

In a delightful district, close to the fine old Cathedral City, with its county club and social amenities, yet quite secluded.
BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GROUNDS, laid out early in the Nineteenth Century by Veitch, and renowned for their MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN TIMBER.

THE PRETTY OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance. Contains: 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, stabling for 3, 2 tennis and other lawns; rose garden, pleasure and kitchen gardens; *farmery with cottage, 4 paddocks, large cricket field,* in all about 21 acres.—WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL the above PROPERTY, by AUCTION, at Exeter, on THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911.—Illustrated particulars, with plan and condition of sale, may be obtained from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil, Somerset.

"SHREWTON HOUSE," SHREWTON, WILTS.

In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury, 7 miles from Lavington and Wishford Stations (G.W.Ry.), and 7 miles from Amesbury (L.S.W.Ry.)

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, 'midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,500 ACRES

can be had if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. RAWLENCE and SQUAREY, Salisbury, and Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

FIRST PORTION.

On the most fashionable reach of the RIVER THAMES, immediately adjoining the famous BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD, and convenient for Maidenhead and Taplow Stations, the Guards' Club, golf courses, etc.

THE HIGHLY IMPORTANT FREEHOLD PROPERTIES, comprising
A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RIVER-SIDE RESIDENCE,
and 3 delightful Freehold Pleasure Cottages, the whole being in splendid order, having just been artistically renovated. Together with
A FEW BEAUTIFUL SITES,
forming the first portion of the Boulter's Lock Estate overlooking the river and the grand Taplow and Clieveden Woods, and so skilfully arranged that practically
EACH PLOT IS A FULLY MATURED GARDEN,
some being adorned with fine old timber trees and a profusion of roses; others having pergolas, herbaceous borders, lawns, walled fruit gardens, and glasshouses, etc. Main water. Electric light. Gas and telephone. Use of landing-stages.

WILSON and GRAY (in conjunction with ALDRIDGE and LEVER) will SELL the above in Lots on the Property, by AUCTION, at 4 p.m. on SATURDAY, JULY 29 next (unless sold privately in the meantime).—Illustrated particulars and plan may be obtained from H. E. CREE, Esq., Solicitor, 38, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.; ALDRIDGE and LEVER, Estate Agents, Maidenhead; and the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Sq., London, W. (Gerrard 6,852), and at Yeovil.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD. —Full details of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

WILSON AND GRAY *ARE INSTRUCTED BY THE OWNER OF A UNIQUE MONASTIC MANSION AMONGST THE HILLS OF A WESTERN COUNTY—TO LET, FURNISHED, TO AN APPROVED TENANT, FOR THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN. HIGH GROUND—BRACING CLIMATE — FINE GARDENS, AND AMPLE ACCOMMODATION. — PLANS AND PHOTOS AT 100, MOUNT ST., W.*

WICKENDEN FARM.

VIEW FROM DEANLANDS.

SUSSEX (about 1½ miles from West Hoathly Station, 4 miles from East Grinstead, and convenient for Haywards Heath, Three Bridges, and ASHDOWN FOREST.—An important FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 260 ACRES, OCCUPYING A SUPERB POSITION ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE on sandy soil, and commanding a VAST PANORAMA OF GRAND VIEWS.

	a.	r.	p.
LOT 1.—WICKENDEN FARM.—The charming modernised Farmhouse, 3 cottages, farm-buildings, grand woodlands, fertile arable and pasture-lands	174	2	11
LOT 2.—CHILLINGSTREET FARM, comprising pair of pretty old-world cottages, farm-buildings, and rich pasture-lands	19	3	7
LOT 3.—DEANLANDS FARM, comprising the old and picturesque Black and White Farmhouse, convenient buildings, and grandly timbered pasture-lands ..	65	1	36

No public footpaths over any portion of the Estate. Good water supply.

The SALE will be held at the Mart, E.C., at 2 p.m., on JULY 26 next (unless sold privately in the meantime). — Illustrated particulars and plan may be obtained from Messrs. FRERE, CHOLMELEY and Co., 28, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.; Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

TELEGRAMS: "Mercural, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Gerrard.

A FINE OLD KENTISH COUNTY SEAT.

7 miles from a favourite town, only 45 minutes from London; 1 mile from a station, and in a beautiful and much sought after social and sporting district.

£11,000 IS ASKED for the above-depicted imposing RESIDENCE: large lounge hall, 5 handsomely proportioned reception, bath, 18 bedrooms; beautifully timbered pleasure grounds; excellent stabling, gardener's cottage, farmery, and

140 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.

600ft. high; delightful views; Company's water.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

IN THE FAVOURITE NEWBURY DISTRICT.

THE ABOVE IMPOSING RESIDENCE FOR SALE: 6 reception, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms; excellent stabling for 6; charming grounds and parklands,

50 ACRES,

INTERSECTED BY TROUT STREAM.

Entrance lodge; home farm; GRAVEL SOIL; hunting and golf.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN IDEAL HOME IN KENT.

BETWEEN SEVENOAKS AND TONBRIDGE.—A beautiful GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 very large reception, 2 bath, 10 bedrooms; stabling for 3; gardener's cottage; farmery; charming old-world pleasure grounds; wide-spreading lawns, luxuriant clipped box hedges, rosery, glasshouses, meadow and paddock, in all 7¼ ACRES.

MAIN WATER. GAS. HOT-WATER RADIATORS.

BARGAIN, £2,700.

—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

ESSEX (in a pretty spot, 2 miles from Colchester).—FOR SALE, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE: 5 good reception, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms; ELECTRIC LIGHT, modern sanitation; stabling for 3, gardener's cottage, motor-house; beautiful grounds and paddock of 6 ACRES. £4,500 or OFFER.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

TWIXT WYE AND SEVERN.

550FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

THE ABOVE CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception, lounge hall; stabling for 4; picturesque grounds and woodlands, meadow-land, etc., farmery, in all about 30 ACRES.

FISHING, HUNTING, GOLF.

Price, £2,600.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

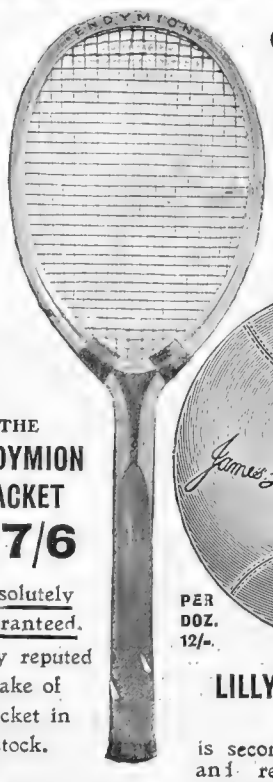
A BARGAIN IN KENT, NEAR ASHFORD.

QUAINT OLD ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, also newly built Bailiff's House; good stabling and buildings, and over 40 ACRES of nicely timbered grass and woodlands, intersected by a river. Price, only £1,400.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE.—Lounge hall, 3 large reception, billiard, bath, 13 bedrooms; stabling, motor garage; picturesque old grounds, ornamental water, and paddock of 9 ACRES; perfect order; high and glorious situation. £3,500.—Further photos of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

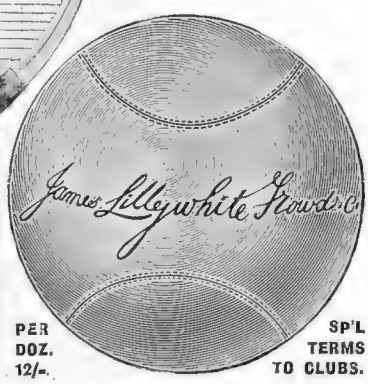
LILLYWHITES'

Lawn Tennis Specialists.



CRICKET, TENNIS, GOLF, CROQUET

Actual Manufacturers.



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Every reputed make of Racket in stock.

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ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE.

Extract from Recent Letter.

"I may say that they are working entirely satisfactorily, and that we find them a very great improvement on the timepieces which they superseded."

For Illustrated Booklet and Particulars, apply to—

Silent Electric Clock Co.,

192, GOSWELL ROAD, E.C.

Telegrams:—"Silectocks, London." Telephone—"2820 City."

BARGAINS AT THE SALES

Never has the discriminating bargain-hunter had such an exceptional opportunity of acquiring good value for money as at the present moment. This particularly refers to women, although there is little doubt that men have the same chances if they will but trouble to search them out. The Mecca of the bargain-hunter is, of course, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and that most exclusive of all shopping thoroughfares, New Bond Street.

One expects, as a matter of course, to find sales proceeding in the two first-mentioned streets during the month of July, but it is astonishing how few know that the same facilities are extended to the bargain-hunter in New Bond Street, and here surely at the present moment are to be obtained some of the greatest bargains now going.

What woman who is at all particular as to her appearance does not understand what an important adjunct to the dress is the corset? And yet here, in the heart of New Bond Street, are to be obtained corsets famous all the world over as the "La Samothrace," to be obtained as low as 9*s.* 11*d.*, and every one guaranteed made in Paris.

These can only be obtained at the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, and, of course, only during the sale, which terminates July 31, at this price.

The deservedly popular guinea corset, which can be obtained in a dozen varieties of fanciful fabrics, can now be obtained for 19*s.*, whilst those with slender figures can obtain a really charming model in spotted *coutille* for 31*s.* 6*d.*, which for shape, wear, and finish is unequalled; this price includes suspenders.

One of the models which strongly appealed to me was the Corset Lavable, and for the hot weather or evening wear I have never seen anything to equal it. The material is *Broderie Anglaise*, so you will understand me when I say it is as delightfully cool to wear as its fresh and dainty appearance suggests. It is beautifully shaped, and, as it is constructed for the laundry, is cheap at 31*s.* 6*d.*

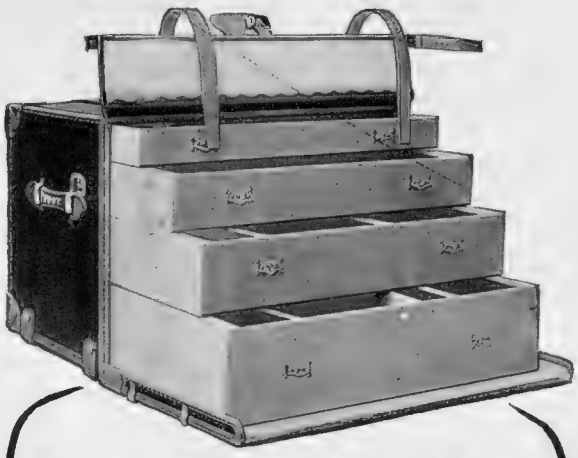
A striped *coutille* corset, which is very popular at the moment, is reduced during the sale to 47*s.* 3*d.* It is cut very low in bust and extremely long on the hips, and is an ideal corset for wearing with the prevailing *modes*. Front and side suspenders are included.

One of the most beautiful and delightful models ever fashioned is undoubtedly the Silk "Tricot," which is reduced during the sale to 67*s.* 6*d.* Made of the finest knitted silk, and with few bones, it moulds the form of the wearer perfectly, and can be worn with the greatest ease and comfort by those who have hitherto had to eschew corsets altogether.

Although corsets are the speciality of this firm, there are also numerous other bargains obtainable, including the prettiest, latest, and daintiest of French blouses, exquisite hand embroidery, lawn and muslin gowns, *lingerie*, *jabots*, etc., whilst also included in the sales are a number of samples of special make and odd pairs of the daintiest fabrics of satin, silk and cotton, batiste, brocade, and silk and cotton *coutille*.

To ladies residing in the country it may be interesting to learn that the London Corset Company send corsets on approval upon receipt of satisfactory references, although a personal visit is preferable where at all possible.

J. S.



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NO CRUSHING. NO CONFUSION.

The Bottom of our Patent "EUREKA" Trunk is as accessible as the Top. Any article is instantly get-at-able, and can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Separate compartments for Linen, Under and Outer Garments, Articles of Toilet, Hats, Boots, etc. It carries garments in perfect order and economises space by the systematic method of packing. No rummaging for clothes—no heavy trays to lift. Drawers divided to suit customers' requirements.

Made in Four Qualities and Six Sizes.

Prices from 60/-

Booklet, "Trunks for Travellers No. 22," Free.

Sole Makers: J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.

(Dept. T22), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

SALE

The whole of MADAME SANGER'S exclusive stock of Blouses, Frocks, Stockings, and Veilings is reduced in price for the SUMMER SALE, which is now on.

SPECIAL COBWEB VEILINGS.

The "Sandown" Veil, which is most becoming, is offered at 4¾d. per yard. Usual price 1/11½ per yard. (Only 250 yards at this price.)

M. SANGER, 36, Sloane St., S.W.

(Three minutes from Knightsbridge Station, Piccadilly Tube.)

BENGER'S Food

is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

enhanced by old *point à l'aiguille* lace and fine pearl embroidery. This gown was made in Russian style, with quaint open sleeves attached at the wrist.

Lady Manners was gowned in white *mousseline de soie*, the stomacher and petticoat enriched with an embroidery in pearls and gold.

Each toilette, in its way, was a *chef d'œuvre* of elegance and complete originality, but always attuned to the attendant regulation robes. That so inspiring a theme for breaking fresh modistic ground should be allowed to pass without development is beyond believing, and I, for one, certainly look to seeing some appreciable changes occurring in the very near future.

The Demise of the Peek-a-Boo Blouse

This is merely a single case in point, but it serves illuminatively enough to point the moral of a more reasonable acceptance. The "Peek-a-Boo" blouse has long given way to the superior elegance of the graceful double *ninon* slip, so seductive in its all-over clearance. This is varied by the lace slip veiled *ninon*. Cool and semi-transparent as these are, they are not in the least suggestive, as was the sudden clear chemisette of the erstwhile blouse, quaintly designated as above. A necessary accompaniment of the *ninon* slip, however, that has scarcely secured up to the present the consideration it deserves at the hands of those responsible for up-to-date *lingerie*, is the *caché* corset fitted with a sleeve.

For choice, this should reach to within a short distance of the elbow and fit the arm closely but comfortably, and the lower half be entirely composed of lace, either a deep insertion, finished with a narrow edging, or lines of narrow insertion united by a *lingerie* beading wide enough for a threaded ribbon. My personal preference is for the simpler style, the arm-covering thus melting imperceptibly into the transparency of the *ninon*. And in this connection I have a word to say about the specialities supplied by

The Vogue of the New Soft Brocades

The under-dress of dull gold brocade is partially veiled by a short tunic of ivory *ninon* worked at the hem with gold-and-white, rather coarse floss silk, the same embroidery finishing off the square *décolletage*. To define the inner edge of *fichu* and high waist-line, long, gold, giant bugles are requisitioned

(Sketched by V. C. Ayres)

The Kleinert Rubber Company

There are no better dress shields, for example, than those issued by this firm, and which are purchasable at practically all the leading drapers. One great advantage of the Kleinert shields is that they can be washed in hot water, a far more efficacious *media* of restoring them to pristine freshness than cold, and they can, moreover, be ironed. There is an infinite variety of shapes, the most popular, perhaps, being the "Gem," this comprising a sheet of pure Para rubber covered with silk or nainsook. One pair will last many gowns, if treated, as described, with hot water.

Other favourite styles are the "Kimono" and "Girton," which have the advantage of a separate attachment, and so do not require to be fastened into any particular gown. The attachment consists of elastic shoulder-bands, and as they are fashioned of the new "Norubba" guaranteed proofing are perfectly odourless.

Stocking suspenders provide another endless theme of choice. But Kleinert "Anona" boasts unquestionable virtues, not the least of which is that the best English elastic is used in its creation; it is also fitted with rubber grips. These hose-supporters are procurable in plain or frilled elastic, in cotton or silk, with single or double ends, in various colours and prices ranging from 6*d*. upwards.

Much valuable information and many useful hints on both these subjects are forthcoming in an interesting little booklet issued by the Kleinert Company, another brochure of like character dealing with the firm's specialities for babies and children. Both will be sent post free on application and a mention of The Bystander.

London Hippodrome

Huge audiences last week testified to the popularity of this hall, where a typically excellent programme was to be found. Perhaps the most enjoyable item of the evening was the humorous lecture given by Mr. Arthur Helmore. His clever efforts were accompanied by laughter from start to finish. George Graves and Co. in "Koffo, of Bond Street," also came into the bill, and an excellent series of pictures, entitled "Royal England: A Story of an Empire's Throne," were shown for the first time. Other turns included Toft's "Makers of the Empire," Fred Lindsay, etc.

Dieppe on Coronation Day

At Dieppe flags were hoisted on all the public buildings and many private houses on Coronation Day. The town authorities and many English people attended a service at the English Church, fêtes were held on the golf links, and a grand ball took place in the evening at the brilliantly illuminated Casino. The playing of "God Save the King" was greeted with intense enthusiasm.

MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A Positive Means that takes away Superfluous Hairs for ever.

"Bystander" Coupon for Readers.

No woman with a moustache, or, indeed, with any hair disfiguring her face, neck, arms, or bust, need suffer this mortification any longer. To relieve all such unhappiness arrangements have been made for 1,000 copies of the complete literature describing the way to permanently remove superfluous hair to be given away to readers of THE BYSTANDER who are constantly miserable because of such an unnatural, unsightly growth. This literature tells how the women of Ancient Rome kept their skins free and clear from superfluous hair, and how a Parisian woman discovered the secret. You are bound to be surprised and delighted after sending the coupon to the ROMAN SOLVENE LABORATORY, Dept. 412M, 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., but you must send this Coupon without delay as the supply is limited.

No matter how heavy or light the growth, it can now be permanently destroyed in a few minutes on the face, neck, arms, bust, or any portion of the body. This is not merely temporary relief, for once the hair roots are destroyed the growth can never return.

The Vicomtesse de Freminville, of St. Malo, writes:—"I am astonished, as I have tried so many things in vain. Your discovery, I believe, is the real means for removing superfluous hair, and I may repeat I am delighted." Mlle. Julie Rivaz, of Le Raincy, says: "I no longer have superfluous hair, although before I had a great deal. I have up to now tried everything in vain to remedy it. I would not have thought it possible to find a means of removing so completely and for ever the superfluous hair."

Just fill out the Coupon below and *post to-day*.

FREE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR COUPON.

GOOD TO ALL READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER."

Cut out this Coupon to-day (or write and mention No. 412M) and send with your name and address to THE ROMAN SOLVENE LABORATORY, Dept. 412M, 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and you will receive full particulars by return of post, in a plain sealed envelope, regarding the way to **PERMANENTLY REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.**

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ADDRESS .....

Test Calox—FREE

Every time you brush your teeth with CALOX you cleanse and purify your mouth and teeth and gums with OXYGEN.

How very delightful the experience is you cannot know until you try CALOX. Calox Tooth Powder does all every other dentifrice does—and more.

Send us your address, and we will send you a box of Calox free of cost to try.

Calox is ordinarily sold in non-wasting metal boxes at 1/1½ everywhere.

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To get the fullest benefit from Calox, use the CALOX TOOTH BRUSH which enables you to reach every part of every tooth—1/-

G. B KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

LADIES' SHOULDER BRACE adjustable to **ANY FIGURE** can be fixed in one minute to **ANY CORSET.** Light, comfortable, hygienic.

A GOOD FIGURE

Can soon be developed by its use.

IT CORRECTS ROUND SHOULDERS,

Supports the Bust, Giving the Head and Body a Graceful Poise.

POST FREE. *Best Quality* 7/6
Second „ 5/-

THE INVYS BRACE CO.,

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DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS
2 by 2 yards, from **4/11** to **12/6** each.
2 by 2½ yards, from **5/11** to **19/6** each.

DAMASK NAPKINS
from **5/11** per dozen upwards.

LINEN SHEETS, hemstitched
2 by 3 yards, **14/3** and **15/6** per pair.
2½ by 3 yards, **17/6** and **18/11** per pair.

LINEN PILLOW CASES
hemstitched, 20 by 30 inches, **21/6**; 22 by 32 inches, **26/-** per dozen.

BEDSPREADS
embroidered Linen, 2½ by 3 yards, **16/6** each.

LINEN TOWELS
Hemstitched Huck towels, 22 by 40 inches, **11/6** per dozen.
Hemstitched Huck towels, with Damask pattern, 24 by 42 inches. **19/11** per dozen.

HANDKERCHIEFS
Ladies' hemstitched Linen Cambric, ¼ in. hem, 14 ins. square, **2/11** per doz. Gentlemen's hemstitched Linen Cambric, ⅜ in. hem, 19 ins. square, **5/3** per doz.

SHIRTS and COLLARS
Gentlemen's White Shirts, **5/6** each.
Collars, single shapes, **4/9**; double shapes, **5/9** per dozen.

Special ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST sent Post Free.

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I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of **1/-** P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue.

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Aid Digestion
Keep Dogs Healthy
Make Fine Glossy Coats
Eradicate Worms
Prevent Unpleasant Odours

THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED

THE MENU: Summer Luncheons

I

Fried Soles
*Chicken en Casserole. Peas. New Potatoes
Stewed Black Currants. Junket
Spaghetti à l'Italienne. Coffee

II

Cold Salmon Mayonnaise
*Braised Lamb or Mutton Cutlets
*Iced Venice Pudding
Camembert Cheese. Coffee

III

Lobster Cutlets
*Filet de Bœuf à la Reforme
Fruit Salad. Macaroon Custard
*Macaroni à la Milanese

Chicken en Casserole

Cut up a fowl into neat joints, and put into a stewpan 1½oz. of butter, let this melt, then put in the pieces of fowl with about a ¼lb. of ham cut up small, a bunch of herbs, a sliced carrot, two or three small onions, and seasoning. Fry it all together till the fowl is nicely browned, turning it once or twice, and basting it. Pour off all superfluous fat, and put in half a gill of marsala and one gill of good stock; cover the pan and keep it simmering gently in the oven from one and a half to two hours. Then remove all the fat from the gravy, take out the herbs, and add another gill of stock and one tablespoonful more wine. Serve in the casserole.

Braised Lamb or Mutton Cutlets

This is a French recipe. Chop a carrot, turnip, and onion into very small dice, fry them in butter until quite tender, adding salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Trim six or eight cutlets from the best end of a neck of mutton or lamb, not forgetting to scrape each bone, put them in a hot pan, with a very little butter, and brown them to a nice colour on both sides. Now add the fried vegetables, and pour over about three-quarters of a pint of gravy. Cover the pan closely, and cook by the side of the stove about half an hour. Fill the centre of the dish in which the cutlets are to be sent to table with boiled rice, green peas, French beans, heaped up in the form of a pyramid, arrange the cutlets on it, and having strained and thickened the gravy, colouring it to a rich brown with Parisian essence, pour it over the vegetables and round the cutlets. Serve new potatoes with this dish.

Iced Venice Pudding

Make a custard with the yolks of four eggs, a pint of milk, and ½oz. of gelatine. Ornament the bottom of a mould with preserved cherries and sweetmeats to taste. Pour a little of the custard into the mould, then add sponge cakes soaked in sherry, some jam, apricot for choice, and fill up with the custard. Put in a cool place or ice it.

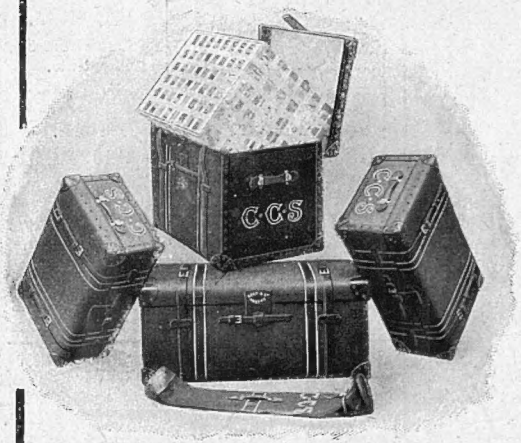
Filets de Boeuf à la Reforme

Cut some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick and fry them quickly in a sauté-pan. Have ready some rounds of bread (fried) the same size as the fillets, place a fillet of beef on each, then a well-cooked mushroom and a small round of fat fried crisp. Make a gravy in the pan in which the fillets have been cooked, pour round them, and serve very hot. Creamed spinach will go well with this dish.

Macaroni à la Milanese

Boil 3oz. of macaroni for twenty minutes, strain it off, and put it into a saucepan with 1oz. of butter, pepper and salt; add some tomato sauce and grated cheese, and stir well over the fire for a few minutes, when it will be ready to serve.

EMILIA.



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Open-air functions

make a heavy demand upon a lady's wardrobe. Light Summer dresses so easily become soiled that they can be worn but a few times before they show signs of wear and tear. But send those soiled dresses to Achille Serre, and in four days they will come back as spotless and fresh as when new. The process is one of proved merit and harmlessness, and the price is extremely moderate. Let us send you our dainty booklet, "The Achille Serre Way," post free on application to

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RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

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If you are worried by Flies, Midges, etc., send a penny stamp to

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WAPPING, LONDON, E.,

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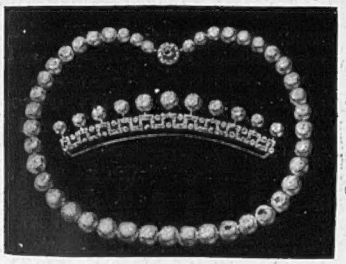
together with the name of the nearest Chemist where the full size 1/- bottles can be obtained, and with the above Messrs. Gibbs will also send a small sample of their celebrated French Dentifrice.

Quote this paper.

THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION

Value apparent when inspected



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Programme of Tours free on application to any of Messrs. COOK and SON'S Offices; IRISH TOURIST OFFICE, 65, Haymarket, London; Mr. J. HOEY, 50, Castle Street, Liverpool; or to SUPERINTENDENT OF LINE, M. G. W. Railway, Broadstone, Dublin.

JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager.

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ROYAL FOR ANIMALS
SEE THE ELLIMAN E.F.A. BOOKLET,
UNIVERSAL FOR HUMAN USE
SEE THE ELLIMAN R.E.P. BOOKLET
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THE KLAXON MECHANICAL WARNING SIGNAL is distinct from all others, and gives you the right of way quicker and surer than anything else. Kindly send postcard for handsome booklet, mentioning BYSTANDER, or call at our new showroom. We control all Klaxon Patent Rights. — **THE KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.**

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Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most Critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

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Delightful to wear.

No. 66 Black glacé kid 13/9. No. 67 Patent colt 15/9, welted soles; supplied by more than 600 agents all in direct touch with the factory. Complete catalogue and address of local agent sent on request. Write LOTUS, STAFFORD, or telephone No. 6989 London Wall

BEAUTIFULLY MADE

For STYLE, NEATNESS, and COMFORT WEAR THE

BOSTON GARTER

which lies flat to the leg, never slips, tears, nor becomes unfastened

REGD Velvet Grip REGD

RUBBER BUTTONS.

The name is stamped on every loop. Be sure it's there.

COTTON (plain, check or stripe), 1/- pair.
SILK (plain elastic). ... ... 2/- pair.

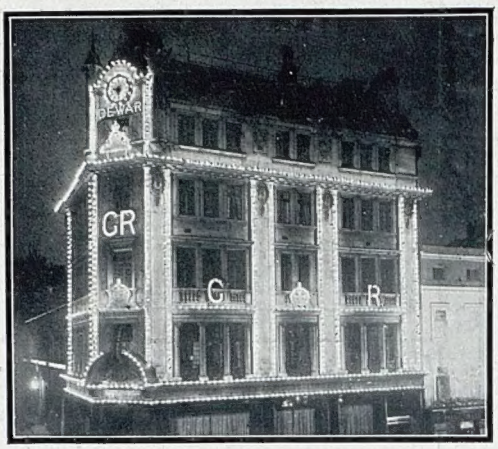
By post, 1d. per pair extra.

AUSTIN REED, Ltd., 13, Fenchurch St; 5, St. Mary Axe; 157*a*, Cheapside, E.C.; 113, Regent St.

The Editor's Box

Oxford Street Decorations

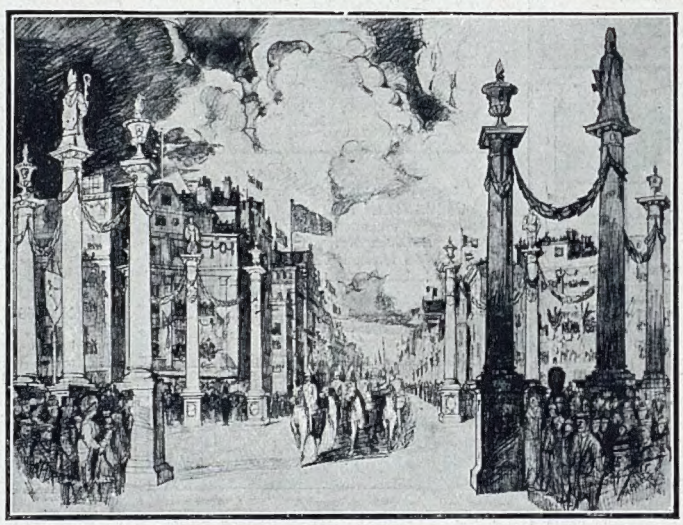
The Oxford Street scheme of decoration, over a mile in length, from Marble Arch to Tottenham Court Road, was artistically designed and carried out by Waring and Gillow, Ltd., in a very novel and effective way. The open spaces at Oxford Circus, Marble Arch, and Tottenham Court Road were encircled with white columns with gilt caps and bases, standing on lofty pedestals, the principal ones being surmounted with gilt effigies of patron saints and the others with beautiful decorative urns. The effect was noble and dignified, and proved a fitting setting for the pomp and pageantry of the procession itself. The other parts of the street were lined with 250 white standards, surmounted with models of antique ships, and decorated with the banners of the various local authorities.



Dewar's Illuminated Premises in the Haymarket

West Dorset Pageant

The West Dorset Pageant, to be held at Bradpole on Thursday, July 20, and the two following days, is already exciting much interest not only in Dorset, but in Devon and Somerset. The Book of Words dealing with the two episodes relating to the visit of Queen Catherine Parr to Bradpole in 1548 and the flight of King Charles II. through the village after the battle of Worcester in 1651 is the joint production of Mr. A. M. Broadley, who was responsible for two of the episodes in the Bath Pageant of 1909, and Mr. H. Pouncy, the well-known Dorset lecturer. The dialogue of the first episode is nearly all "rale Darset." The site secured for the pageant is among the loveliest Wessex scenery, and the ticket-office is at Mr. W. Frost's, West Street, Bridport, where a plan of the covered grand stand may be seen and tickets secured at moderate prices.



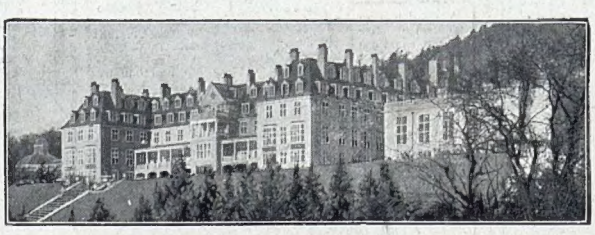
The Oxford Street Decorations Carried Out by Messrs. Waring and Gillow

Feeding the Animals

Those of our readers who have seen the great Pageant of London at the Crystal Palace will have been impressed by the fine collection of animals shown in the tableaux. The enormous amount of detailed work and organising capacity needed to marshal the many thousands of performers is, perhaps, scarcely realised by the audiences. Not only are the human actors to be thought of, but the feeding and housing of the hundreds of four-footed animals which are used have also to be planned. In one tableau cattle, sheep, goats, deer, hounds, spaniels — to say nothing of bears and monkeys—all take part. Special accommodation has been provided for them near the pageant grounds, and it is interesting to note that they all have their regular ration of Molassine Meal daily, except the hounds and spaniels, which are kept well and healthy on Molassine Dog Foods.

George IV.'s Coronation Banquet Wines

Messrs. Hedges and Butler have sent us an extract from their old register, viz.: "The following has been given as a correct account of the wines provided for the Coronation Dinner and Banquet of His Majesty King George IV. on July 19, 1821: Sherry and port, 350 doz.; claret, 200 doz.; champagne, 100 doz.; iced punch, 100 gallons; hock, 50 doz.; moselle, 50 doz.; Madeira, 50 doz.; Burgundy, 20 doz."



The Popular Peebles Hotel-Hydro

In the Walter Scott Country

Scotland is famed for its hydros, and pre-eminent among them for popularity and success is the Peebles Hotel-Hydro, which combines with all the conveniences of a fully licensed house the special advantages of a resident physician and an installation of baths which cannot be equalled in the United Kingdom. There is luxurious accommodation for 300 guests. By perfect management, an exceptionally liberal and varied table, and by the most experienced catering for visitors seeking either health or pleasure, so great a success has been achieved that the Peebles Hotel-Hydro is now certainly the most appreciated establishment of its kind in the whole country. The building stands 600ft. above sea level on the north bank of "Tweed's silver stream," and the whole district is full not only of scenic charms, but also of historic and literary associations, for Peebles is practically in the centre of the glorious country which the magic genius of Sir Walter Scott has made known the world over and immortalised for ever. The resident medical specialist has been remarkably successful in hydropathic treatment, having at his disposal the finest possible installation of baths and electrical appliances. Motoring, fishing, tennis lawns, golf greens, croquet and bowling greens, and within a short distance an excellent eighteen-hole golf course provide for the lover of outdoor life. Our readers should write to Mr. A. M. Thiem, Managing Director, and an illustrated brochure will be sent by return of post.

An Acknowledgment

The photograph of Mr. A. F. Wilding that appeared in our last issue is the copyright of Messrs. Elliott and Fry.